

THE BLUE BOOK

OF

STORIES

BY

M. L. BRITTAIN



Class BJ1631

Book B7



THE BLUE BOOK

OF

STORIES FOR

CHARACTER TRAINING

BY

M. L. BRITTAIN

STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

ATLANTA, GA.

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Dedication

THIS FIRST EDITION OF THIS LITTLE BOOK IS
DEDICATED AND PRESENTED BY THE AUTHOR
AND COMPILER TO THE SCHOOL OFFICIALS
OF GEORGIA IN GRATITUDE FOR THE
CORDIAL UNANIMITY OF THEIR
SUPPORT AND AID

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My Creed

I am to be a citizen of Georgia and the United States, a great commonwealth of the world's greatest land. It is my duty to make an honest living and my right to be healthy and happy. It is my privilege to help others also to secure these benefits. I will work and play fair. I will be polite always to old people and kind to the unfortunate and to my little brethren of the field and of the air. To the best of my ability, I expect to make Georgia a clean, beautiful, and law-abiding state, for this is the best service I may render to the land that has given me birth.

PREFACE

There should be a definite purpose on the part of every teacher to have character training as an important feature of the school work. Unless this is done, there is a chance for making increased mental development a greater source of danger. The ability to read, to write, and to calculate—in other words, mere mental training—does not necessarily make one better morally or spiritually. While it is true that ignorance cures nothing, yet it ought to be just as clearly understood that education, unless it be distinctively moral, as well as mental, will not diminish crime. Here and there in some of the books, there is help of an incidental kind and mere habits of obedience are of value in this direction. Character training should not be left to chance or to the individual whim of the instructor, but should be recognized as a fixed part of the school program. In my opinion, the best way to make teaching of this sort bear fruit, is to utilize the opening exercises for this purpose. Most schools have a song, reading of the Scripture, or prayer, and sometimes all three. They are generally perfunctory and are recognized as such by both teacher and pupil. Instead of this, we ought to take advantage of these occasions to give distinctive and definite character training and, to aid in this, no better help can be found than to make use of the illustration, anecdote, or—as our Saviour termed it—the parable. A vivid, well-told story, illustrating honesty, obedience or cour-

age, will be remembered by the child long after any dissertation or homily by the teacher. Believing clearly in the value of this, the following exercises have been arranged. They are in no sense original. In fact, the best the author could find in literature anywhere to serve his purpose have been selected, Aesop's Famous Classics, Marden's Inspirational Series, Baldwin's Fifty Famous Stories, and Percy's Anecdotes being particularly helpful. Songs and passages of Scripture, bearing on the subject to be taught, occasionally have been added. These, however, need not be used except at the discretion of the teacher. What is insisted upon is that a few minutes each morning be given to inculcating the civic virtues and, to do this most effectively, the suggestion is made that the stories be presented orally, rather than read. "Tell us a story" is the age-old request of the child and skillful teachers will take advantage of this craving and use it to establish high ideals in the minds and hearts of our future citizens.

M. L. BRITTAIN,
State Superintendent. of Schools.

HONESTY

SONG: "Yield Not to Temptation."

SCRIPTURE READING: Proverbs 7: 1-13.

ILLUSTRATION: The Duke and the Boy.

A Scotch nobleman, who was very fond of farming, had bought a cow from a gentleman who lived near him.

The cow was to be sent home next morning.

Early in the morning, as the duke was taking a walk, he saw a boy trying in vain to drive the cow to his house. The cow was very unruly and the poor boy could not manage her at all.

The boy, not knowing the duke, bawled out to him, "Hallo, man! Come here and help me with this beast." The duke walked slowly on, not seeming to notice the boy, who still kept calling for his help. At last, finding that he could not get on with the cow, he cried out in distress, "Come here, man, and help me, and I'll give you half of whatever I get."

The duke went and lent a helping hand.

"And now," said the duke, as they trudged on after the cow, "how much do you think you will get for the job?"

"I don't know," said the boy, "but I am sure of something because the folks up at the big house are good to everybody."

On coming to a lane near the house, the duke slipped away from the boy, and reached the house by a dif-

ferent road. Calling a servant, he put a sovereign into his hand, saying, "Give that to the boy who brought the cow."

He then returned to the end of the lane, where he had parted from the boy, so as to meet him on his way back.

"Well, how much did you get," asked the duke.

"A shilling," said the boy, "and here's half of it for you."

"But surely you got more than a shilling?" said the duke.

"No," said the boy, "that is all I got, and I think it quite enough."

"I do not," said the duke, "there must be something wrong; and as I am a friend of the duke, if you will return, I think I'll see that you get more."

The boy went back. The duke rang the bell, and ordered all the servants assembled.

"Now," said the duke to the boy, "point me out the person who gave you the shilling."

"It was that man there," he said, pointing to the butler.

The butler fell on his knees, confessed his fault, and begged to be forgiven; but the duke ordered him to give the boy the sovereign, and quit his service at once. "You have lost," said the duke, "both your place and your character, by your deceit. Learn for the future that honesty is the best policy."

The boy now found out who it was that had helped him drive the cow; and the duke was so pleased with the manliness and honesty of the boy, that he sent him to school, and paid for his tuition out of his own pocket.

—*From The Royal Readers.*

OBEDIENCE

SONG: "Trust and Obey."

SCRIPTURE READING: Proverbs 30:17.

ILLUSTRATION: The Courageous Boy.

In England, one day, a farmer at work in his fields saw a party of huntsmen riding over his farm. He had a field in which the wheat was just coming up, and he was anxious that the gentlemen should not go into that, as the trampling of the horses and dogs would spoil the crop.

So he sent one of his farm hands, a bright young boy, to shut the gate of that field and to keep guard over it. He told him that he must on no account permit the gate to be opened.

Scarcely had the boy reached the field and closed the gate when the huntsmen reached the field and came galloping up, ordering him to open the gate. This the boy declined to do.

"Master," said he, "has ordered me to permit no one to pass through this gate, and I can neither open it myself nor allow anyone else to do it."

First one gentleman threatened to thrash him if he did not open it; then another offered him a sovereign; but all to no effect. The brave boy was neither frightened nor to be bribed.

Then a grand and stately gentleman came forward and said: "My boy, do you not know me? I am the Duke of Wellington—one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass."

The boy took off his hat to the great man whom all England delighted to honor, and answered:

"I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor permit anyone to pass without my master's express permission."

The brave old warrior was greatly pleased at the boy's answer, and lifting his own hat, he said:

"I honor the man or boy who can neither be bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer, not only the French, but the whole world."

—*Appleton's Third Reader.*

POLITENESS

SONG: "Sweet and Low."

SCRIPTURE READING: Proverbs 15: 1-10.

ILLUSTRATION: The Story of John Rockmore.

A curious fact in the etymology of words is that those connected with civility are associated with city or town. Urbane, for instance, comes from the Latin "urbs," and politeness from the Greek "polis," both of these words meaning city. Those who knew John Rockmore, of Newton County, Georgia, will dispute the claim that these gentler qualities are inherent in urban life, however. He was the most polite man known to all his neighbors and friends and he never lived a day in a city or town.

So characteristic was it of him that it was expressed in the nickname which stuck to him throughout his life—"Thank you," John Rockmore. His ruling passion was, it seemed, to do a favor, if possible, and his pleasure on the receipt of one was equally marked. Instead of contending for one-half the road or sidewalk, he would give it all and more, if desired. No lady ever passed him without seeing his hat removed and receiving a bow. So deeply rooted were courtesy and politeness in his nature that they were strikingly characteristic, even on those rare occasions when he was compelled to show indignation, or anger.

With a neighbor he once went to his county town, Covington, for the purpose of selling his cotton. It was during the days when whiskey was sold in bar-rooms and the neighbor became intoxicated. When in this condition, he grossly insulted Mr. Rockmore, and although John was a rather old man at this time and a deacon in the Baptist church, the insults continued until patience ceased to be a virtue. Then with deliberation, he removed his coat and said: "You must excuse me, sir, but I shall have to knock you down." And suiting the action to the word, he did so. The neighbor, still reviling him, John was compelled to continue the fight. "Sir," he said, "I beg your pardon, but I see the Lord intends for me to teach you a lesson." And he knocked him down again. This continued until the drunkard was conquered, either by his neighbor's politeness, or by his big fists, and ceased his abuse.

John helped him up and apologized for having been compelled to hurt him, and all his life he grieved over the occurrence.

What a blessing to us all if all boys and girls

were marked by this quality! Courthouses and jails would need and receive far less attention and support and the fair name of the State would never be disgraced by the lawless lynchings and outrages which have too frequently caused every thoughtful citizen to feel sorrow and shame.

—M. L. B.

TRUSTWORTHINESS

SONG: "Georgia Land."

SCRIPTURE READING: Genesis 41:38-49. The
Story of Joseph.

ILLUSTRATION: The Message to Garcia.

One of the most-admired stories told in connection with the war between Spain and the United States was Elbert Hubbard's account of the message to Garcia. This general was somewhere in the interior of Cuba and could not be reached by mail or telegraph, and yet it was important that President McKinley should communicate with him at once. Some official at Washington made the remark that a man by the name of Rowan would find Garcia if anybody could, and to him McKinley entrusted the letter. Without a word or question, the young man took the message, wrapped it securely, and bound it around his waist. Within less than a week he landed, during the night, at an unfortified point on the Cuban coast. Entering the swamp and going over the mountains, he found

General Garcia and delivered President McKinley's letter.

The deed itself was undoubtedly heroic and worthy of admiration. The application, however, drawn by the writer was the efficiency and trustworthiness of Rowan, and especially his silent obedience, without asking the eternal question, "Where is he at?" As he further expresses it:

"Rowan is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college in the land. It is not so much booklearning young people need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—'Carry a message to Garcia.'"

Summon the ordinary clerk and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have

answered the questions and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you that there is no such man.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the “boss” is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man, who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or doing aught else but deliver it, never gets “laid off,” nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. He is wanted in every city, town and village—in every office, shop, store and factory. The world cries out for such: he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can “CARRY A MESSAGE TO GARCIA.”

TRUTHFULNESS

SONG: “How Firm a Foundation.”

SCRIPTURE READING: Proverbs 12:17-22.

ILLUSTRATION.

When George Washington was quite a little boy, his father gave him a hatchet. It was bright and new, and George took great delight in going about and chopping things with it.

He ran into the garden, and there he saw a tree which seemed to say to him, “Come and cut me down!”

George had often seen his father's men chop down the great trees in the forest, and he thought that it would be fine sport to see this tree fall with a crash to the ground. So he set to work with his little hatchet, and, as the tree was a very small one, it did not take long to lay it low. Soon after that, his father came home.

"Who has been cutting my fine young cherry tree?" he cried. "It was the only tree of its kind in this country, and it cost me a great deal of money."

He was very angry when he came into the house.

"If I only knew who killed that cherry tree," he cried, "I would—yes, I would"—

"Father!" cried little George. "I will tell you the truth about it. I chopped the tree down with my hatchet."

His father forgot his anger.

"George," he said, and he took the little fellow in his arms, "George, I am glad that you told me about it. I would rather lose a dozen cherry trees than that you should tell one falsehood."

—*Baldwin's Fifty Famous Stories.*

AMBITION

SONG: "Rise, My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings."

SCRIPTURE READING: Matthew 20:20-29.

ILLUSTRATION: The Tortoise and the Eagle.

A tortoise, lazily basking in the sun, complained to the sea-birds of her hard fate, that no one would teach her to fly.

An eagle, hovering near, heard her lamentation and demanded what reward she would give him if he would take her aloft and float her in the air.

"I will give you," she said, "all the riches of the Red Sea."

"I will teach you to fly then," said the eagle; and, taking her up in his talons, he carried her almost to the clouds, when, suddenly letting her go, she fell on a lofty mountain and dashed her shell to pieces. The tortoise exclaimed in the moment of death: "I have deserved my present fate; for what had I to do with wings and clouds, who can with difficulty move about the earth?"

—*Aesop.*

ATTENTION

SONG: "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."

SCRIPTURE READING: Proverbs 9:1-12.

ILLUSTRATION: The Stolen Venison.

The power of observation in the American Indian would put many an educated man to shame. Returning home, an Indian discovered that his venison, which had been hanging up to dry, had been stolen. After careful observation he started to track the thief through the woods. Meeting a man on the route, he asked him if he had seen a little old white man, with a short gun, and with a small, bob-tailed dog. The man told him that he had met such a man, but was surprised to know that the Indian had not even seen the one he described. He asked the Indian how he could give such a minute description of one he had never seen. "I knew the thief was a little man," said the Indian, "because he rolled up a stone to stand on in order to reach the venison; I knew he was a white man by his turning his toes out in walking, which an Indian never does; I knew he was an old man by his short steps; I knew he had a short gun by the mark it left on the tree where he stood it up; I knew the dog was small by his tracks and short steps, and that he had a bob-tail by the mark it left in the dust where he sat."

—Marden.

BRAVERY

SONG: "The Soldiers' Chorus."

SCRIPTURE READING: I Samuel 17: 38-50. David and Goliath.

ILLUSTRATION: The Brave Three Hundred.

All Greece was in danger. A mighty army, led by the great King of Persia, had come from the East. It was marching along the seashore, and in a few days would be in Greece. The great king had sent messengers into every city and state, bidding them to give him water and earth in token that the land and sea were his. But they said—

"No: we will be free."

And so there was a great stir throughout all the land. The men armed themselves, and made haste to go out and drive back their foe; and the women stayed at home, weeping and waiting, and trembling with fear.

There was only one way by which the Persian army could go into Greece on that side, and that was by a narrow pass between the mountains and the sea. This pass was guarded by Leonidas, the King of the Spartans, with three hundred Spartan soldiers.

Soon the Persian soldiers were seen coming. There were so many of them that no man could count them. How could a handful of men hope to stand against so great a host?

And yet Leonidas and his Spartans held their

ground. They had made up their minds to die at their post. Some one brought them word that there were so many Persians that their arrows darkened the sun.

“So much the better,” said the Spartans, “we shall fight in the shade.”

Bravely they stood in the narrow pass. Bravely they faced their foes. To Spartans there was no such thing as fear. The Persians came forward, only to meet death at the points of their spears.

But one by one the Spartans fell. At last their spears were broken; yet they still stood side by side, fighting to the last. Some fought with swords, some with daggers, and some only with their fists and teeth.

All day long the army of the Persians was kept at bay. But when the sun went down, there was not one Spartan left alive. Where they had stood, there was only a heap of slain, all bristled over with spears and arrows.

Twenty thousand Persian soldiers had fallen before that handful of men. And Greece was saved.

Thousands of years have passed since then; but men still like to tell the story of Leonidas and the brave three hundred who died for their country's sake.

—*Baldwin's Fifty Famous Stories.*

CHARACTER

SONG: "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

SCRIPTURE READING: Daniel 1:9-17.

ILLUSTRATION: The Great Stone Face.

Insensibly we grow to be like that which we admire. Vicious thoughts and habits will, in time, be indexed in the actions of the possessor. On the other hand, beautiful thoughts and desires will be likewise written in the countenance. This truth is illustrated by one of our great American writers, Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his story of the Great Stone Face.

This was a freak of nature which is still to be seen in the White Hills of New England, where the granite formation on one side of the mountain is such as to look like a man's head.

The people who lived in that vicinity had a legend among themselves that some one of their number would become the noblest man of his time and would grow to look exactly like the Great Stone Face.

There was a little boy called Ernest who lived there and who had studied it many times.

One day a rich merchant who had been born there, returned after a long life spent in securing wealth. His name was Mr. Gathergold. The people looked forward to his coming, thinking that perhaps he was the great character for whom they had been waiting. When Ernest saw the sharp features of the old miser he turned away sadly, knowing that he could not be the one.

Later, when Ernest had grown to be a youth, another native of the region who had distinguished himself in war, returned. Old-Blood-and-Thunder was the title by which he was known, and so great was his fame, many people thought he must surely be the man of whom the legend told. There was will expressed in his features, but the wisdom of the granite face was totally absent from his countenance. Ernest was disappointed again.

The youth grew into middle life and again a native who had won reputation came into the valley, hoping to be known as the original of the granite-hewn features. This man was a statesman, renowned for his eloquence. But there was something lacking, as there had been with the others, when the people compared the features of the public man with those of the mountain side; something of divine sympathy and sublimity of purpose.

Years passed and the boy, Ernest, now growing toward old age, was noted for his kindness and for his character. Day by day thinking of the nobility expressed in the lineaments of the Great Stone Face, he had caught something of the greatness of spirit which he associated with those features until he could not himself do anything low or mean, but was noted among the people for the beauty of his splendid life.

One evening at the hour of sunset, he was speaking to his neighbors from a small elevation near the loved figure on the mountain side. They were moved by his thoughts, because they knew they accorded with his daily life. Finally, as his features were thrown into relief by the setting sun in such way as to afford them a means of comparison between his own countenance and that sculptured in the granite near him, they were astonished to find that they appeared much alike and

they all said: "Ernest is the one. He is like the Great Stone Face."

Thoughts make words,
Words make deeds,
Deeds form character,
Character determines destiny.

CONSIDERATION

ILLUSTRATION: The Lion and the Mouse.

A lion was awakened from sleep by a mouse running over his face. Rising up in anger, he caught him and was about to kill him, when the mouse piteously entreated, saying: "If you would only spare my life, I would be sure to repay you for your kindness." The lion laughed and let him go.

It happened shortly after this that the lion was caught by some hunters, who bound him by strong ropes to the ground. The mouse, recognizing his roar, came up and gnawed the ropes with his teeth, setting him free, and exclaimed: "You ridiculed the idea of my ever being able to help you, not expecting to receive from me any repayment of your favor; but now you know that it is possible for even a mouse to confer favor on a lion."

—*Aesop.*

CONTENTMENT

ILLUSTRATION: The Miller of the Dee.

Once upon a time there lived on the banks of the River Dee a miller, who was the happiest man in England. He was always busy from morning till night, and was always singing as merrily as any lark. He was so cheerful that he made everybody else cheerful; and people all over the land liked to talk about his pleasant ways. At last the king heard about him.

"I will go down and talk to this wonderful miller," said he; "perhaps he can tell me how to be happy."

As soon as he stepped inside of the mill, he heard the miller singing—

"I envy nobody—no, not I!—
For I am as happy as I can be;
And nobody envies me."

"You're wrong, my friend," said the king. "You're wrong as wrong can be. I envy you; and I would gladly change places with you, if I could only be as light-hearted as you are."

The miller smiled and bowed to the king.

"I am sure I could not think of changing places with you, sir," he said.

"Now tell me," said the king, "what makes you so cheerful and glad here in your dusty mill, while I, who am king, am sad and in trouble every day?"

The miller smiled again, and said, "I do not know why you are sad, but I can easily tell why I am glad. I earn my own bread; I love my wife and my children; I love my friends, and they love me; and I owe not

a penny to any man. Why should I not be happy? For here is the River Dee, and every day it turns my mill; and the mill grinds the corn that feeds my babes and me."

"Say no more," said the king. "Stay where you are and be happy still. But I envy you. Your dusty cap is worth more than my golden crown. Your mill does more for you than my kingdom can do for me. If there were more such men as you, what a good place this world would be! Good-bye, my friend!"

The king turned about, and walked sadly away; and the miller went back to his work, singing—

"Oh, I'm as happy as happy can be,
For I live by the side of the River Dee."

—*Baldwin's Fifty Famous Stories.*

COURTESY

ILLUSTRATION: Sir Walter Raleigh.

There once lived in England a brave and noble man whose name was Walter Raleigh. He was not only brave and noble, but he was also courteous; and for that reason the queen made him a knight, and called him Sir Walter Raleigh.

When Raleigh was a young man, he was one day walking along a street in London. At that time the streets were not paved, and there were no side-walks. Raleigh was dressed in very fine style, and he wore a beautiful scarlet coat thrown over his shoulders.

As he passed along, he found it hard work to keep from stepping in the mud, and soiling his handsome

new shoes. Soon he came to a puddle of muddy water which reached from one side of the street to the other. He could not step across. Perhaps he could not jump across it.

As he was thinking what he should do, he happened to look up. Who was it coming down the street, on the other side of the puddle?

It was Elizabeth, the Queen of England, with her train of gentlewomen and waiting maids. She saw the dirty puddle in the street. She saw the handsome young man with the scarlet cloak standing by the side of it. How was she to get across?

Young Raleigh, when he saw who was coming, forgot about himself. He thought only of helping the queen. There was only one thing that he could do, and no other man thought of that.

He took off his scarlet cloak and spread it across the puddle. The queen could step on it now as on a beautiful carpet.

She walked across. She was safely over the ugly mud, and her feet had not touched it. She paused a moment, and thanked the young man.

As she walked onward with her train, she asked one of the gentlewomen, "Who is that brave gentleman who helped us so handsomely?"

"His name is Walter Raleigh," said the gentlewoman.

"He shall have his reward," said the queen.

Not long after that, she sent for Raleigh to come to her palace.

The young man went, but he had no scarlet coat to wear. Then, while all the great men and fine ladies of England stood around, the queen made him a knight. And from that time he was known as Sir Walter Raleigh, the queen's favorite.

—*Baldwin's Fifty Famous Stories.*

DISDAIN

ILLUSTRATION: The Bald Man and the Fly.

There was once a bald man who came and sat down after work on a hot summer's day. A fly came up and kept buzzing about his bald pate, and stinging him from time to time. The man aimed a blow at his little enemy, but—whack—his palm came on his head instead; again the fly tormented him, but this time the man was wiser and said:

“You will only injure yourself if you
take notice of despicable enemies.”

—*Aesop*.

ECONOMY

ILLUSTRATION: The Contribution.

“We shan't get much here,” whispered a lady to her companion, as John Murray blew out one of the two candles by whose light he had been reading when they asked him to contribute to some benevolent object. He listened to their story and gave one hundred dollars.

“Mr. Murray, I am very agreeably surprised,” the lady quoted; “I did not expect to get a cent from you.”

The old Quaker asked the reason for her opinion; and when told, said, “That, ladies, is the reason I am able to let you have the hundred dollars. It is by practicing economy that I save up the money to do charitable actions. One candle is enough to talk by.”

—*Marden*.

FIDELITY

ILLUSTRATION : The Faithful Little Hollander.

In some parts of Holland the land lies so low, that the people build great walls of earth, called dikes, to keep out the sea. Sometimes the waves break down these walls, and then the sea rushes through the breach, and spreads over the land, often doing great damage. Houses have thus been washed away, and many people drowned.

Once as a little boy was going home in the evening, he saw a hole in one of the dikes, through which the water was trickling. His father had often told him that when this happened, unless the water was stopped, it would soon make a hole large enough for the sea to rush through and overflow the land.

At first he thought he would run home and tell his father. But then he said to himself, "It may be dark before father can come, and we shall not be able to find the hole again; or it may get so large that it will be too late to stop it. I must stay here now, and do the best I can alone."

The brave little boy sat down, and stopped the hole with earth, holding it with his hand to keep back the water. There he stayed hour after hour in the cold and the dark all through the night.

In the morning a man came past and saw him. He could not think what the boy was doing; and so he called out to him, "What are you doing there, my boy!" "There is a hole in the dike," said the boy, "and I am keeping back the water."

Poor little boy! He was so cold and tired that he could scarcely speak. The man came quickly up and set him free. He had the hole closed up, and thus the land was saved, thanks to the brave and faithful boy.

—*Royal Reader.*

FORGIVENESS

ILLUSTRATION: From the Life of General Lee.

Early in the war, before General Robert E. Lee had proven his pre-eminence as a general, he was severely criticized on more than one occasion by a General Whiting. Whiting had stood at the head of his class at West Point and was considered a bright and capable man. One day President Davis, wishing an officer for some important command, called upon General Lee for advice.

“What do you think of Whiting?”

Lee answered without hesitation, commending Whiting as one of the ablest men in the army, well-qualified in every way.

One of the officers present was greatly surprised, and at first opportunity drew Lee aside. “Don’t you know what unkind things Whiting has been saying about you?”

Lee’s answer was of the best. “I understood,” he said, “that the President desired to know my opinion of Whiting, not Whiting’s opinion of me.”

—*Pierson.*

FRIENDSHIP

SONG: "What a Friend We Have in Jesus."

SCRIPTURE READING: I Samuel 20:4-17. David and Jonathan.

ILLUSTRATION: Damon and Pythias.

A young man whose name was Pythias had done something which the tyrant Dionysius did not like. For this offense, he was dragged to prison, and a day was set when he should be put to death. His home was far away, and he wanted very much to see his father and mother and friends before he died.

"Only give me leave to go home and say good-bye to those whom I love," he said, "and then I will come back and give up my life."

The tyrant laughed at him.

"How can I know that you will keep your promise?" he said. "You only want to cheat me, and save yourself."

Then a young man whose name was Damon spoke and said—

"O king! put me in prison in place of my friend Pythias, and let him go to his own country and put his affairs in order, and to bid his friends good-bye. I know that he will come back as he has promised, for he is a man who has never broken his word. But if he is not here on the day which you have set, then I will die in his stead."

The tyrant was surprised that anybody should make

such an offer. He at last agreed to let Pythias go, and gave orders that the young man Damon should be shut up in prison.

Time passed, and by and by the day drew near which had been set for Pythias to die; and he had not come back. The tyrant ordered the jailer to keep close watch upon Damon, and not let him escape. But Damon did not try to escape. He still had faith in the truth and honor of his friend. He said, "If Pythias does not come back in time, it will not be his fault. It will be because he is hindered against his will."

At last the day came, and then the very hour. Damon was ready to die. His trust in his friend was as firm as ever; and he said he did not grieve at having to suffer for one whom he loved so much.

Then the jailer came to lead him to his death; but at the same moment Pythias stood in the door. He had been delayed by storms and shipwreck, and he had feared that he was too late. He greeted Damon kindly, and then gave himself into the hands of the jailer. He was happy because he thought he had come in time, even though it was at the last moment.

The tyrant was not so bad but that he could see good in others. He felt that men who loved and trusted each other, as did Damon and Pythias, ought not to suffer unjustly. And so he set them both free.

"I would give all my wealth to have one such friend," he said.

—*Baldwin's Fifty Famous Stories.*

GRATITUDE

ILLUSTRATION: The Ant and the Dove.

An ant went to the bank of a river to drink and, having accidentally fallen into the stream, was on the point of being drowned.

A dove sitting on a tree overhanging the water, pulled off a leaf and dropped it into the water near the little insect. The ant climbed on this and, floating in safety, came to the bank.

Soon afterwards a hunter saw the dove and crept forward carefully, endeavoring to get close enough to shoot. The ant, perceiving his design, bit him on the ankle so sharply that he cried out in pain and, upon this, the dove flew away and escaped.

—*Aesop.*

HELPFULNESS

ILLUSTRATION: Imparting Strength.

A touching story is told of a sick eagle, whose vitality had been reduced so long by confinement that, when set loose, and placed on the heather, it only drooped and seemed ready to die. Then an eagle, that from the heights saw the feeble bird, swept down, touched it and fanned it with his great wings. Over and over this was repeated, until the sick bird, gradually feeling the inspiration of the other's vitality,

preened itself, expanded its wings, and ultimately followed in upward flight. We never get an upward look or aspiration or ascent, unless from someone in the heights who sweeps down and touches us. God uses ripe saints to help us out of the depths by their contact and contagious consecration.

—*Pierson.*

HUMILITY

ILLUSTRATION : The Story of Cincinnatus.

There was a man named Cincinnatus who lived on a little farm not far from the city of Rome. He had once been rich, and had held the highest office in the land; but in one way or another he had lost all his wealth. He was now so poor that he had to do all the work on his farm with his own hands. But it was thought to be a noble thing to till the soil.

Cincinnatus was so wise and just that everybody trusted him, and asked his advice; and when anyone was in trouble, and did not know what to do, his neighbors would say—

“Go and tell Cincinnatus. He will help you.”

Cincinnatus was in the field plowing when the men who had been sent to see him came in great haste. He stopped and greeted them kindly, and waited for them to speak.

“Put on your cloak, Cincinnatus,” they said, “and hear the words of the Roman people.”

Then Cincinnatus wondered what they could mean. “Is all well with Rome?” he asked; and he called his wife to bring him his cloak.

She brought the cloak; and Cincinnatus wiped the dust from his hands and arms, and threw it over his shoulders. Then the men told their errand.

They told him how the army with all the noblest men of Rome had been entrapped in the mountain pass. They told him about the great danger the city was in. They said, "The people of Rome make you their ruler and the ruler of the city, to do with everything as you choose; and the Fathers bid you come at once and go out against our enemy, the fierce men of the mountains."

So Cincinnatus left his plow standing where it was, and hurried to the city. When he passed through the streets, and gave orders as to what should be done, some of the people were afraid, for they knew that he had all power in Rome to do what he pleased. But he armed the guards and the boys, and went out at their head to fight the fierce mountain men, and free the Roman army from the trap into which it had fallen.

A few days afterward there was great joy in Rome. There was good news from Cincinnatus. The men of the mountains had been beaten back with great loss. They had been driven back into their own place.

And now the Roman army, with the boys and the guards, was coming home with banners flying, and shouts of victory; and at their head rode Cincinnatus. He had saved Rome.

Cincinnatus might then have made himself king; for his word was law, and no man dared lift a finger against him. But, before the people could thank him enough for what he had done, he gave back the power to the white-haired Roman Fathers, and went again to his little farm and his plow.

—*Baldwin's Fifty Famous Stories.*

INDUSTRY

SONG: "Bringing in the Sheaves."

SCRIPTURE READING: Proverbs 5:6-12.

ILLUSTRATION: The Grasshopper and the Bee.

One cold winter day a grasshopper came to a hive and begged the bees, who were warm and comfortable, for a few drops of their honey.

"Why did you not lay up a store of food during the long days in summer?" said they

Said the grasshopper, "During that season I was very merry in dancing and singing and never thought about the hard times to come."

"We have a very different plan," said the bees. "We always work in the summer and lay up a store of honey because we are sure we shall need it. We have noticed that those who dance and sing in the summer, starve and freeze in the winter."

This fable teaches us that we shall come to want if we spend our time in idleness. During youth and health, be sure to prepare, by labor and diligence, for the rainy days to come.

—*Aesop.*

JOY

SONG: "Joy to the World."

SCRIPTURE READING: John 14:1-15.

ILLUSTRATION: The Singer.

Give us, O give us the man who sings at his work. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible to fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, although past calculation its power of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

JUSTICE

SONG.

SCRIPTURE READING.

ILLUSTRATION: Aristides.

A tragedy by Aeschylus was once represented before the Athenians, in which it was said of one of the characters "that he cared not more to be just than to appear so." At these words, all eyes were instantly turned on Aristides, as the man, who, of all the Greeks, most merited that distinguished character. Ever after, he received, by mutual consent, the surname of The Just, a title, says Plutarch, truly royal, or rather, truly divine. This remarkable distinction aroused envy, and envy prevailed so far as to procure his banishment for ten years, upon unjust suspicion that his influence with the people was dangerous to their freedom. When the sentence was passed by his countrymen, Aristides himself was present in the midst of them, and a stranger who stood near, and could not write, applied to him to write for him on his shell ballot. "What name?" asked the philosopher. "Aristides," replied the stranger. "Do you know him, then?" asked Aristides, "or has he in any way injured you?" "Neither," said the other, "but it is for this very thing I would he were condemned. I can go nowhere but that I hear of Aristides, the Just." Aristides inquired no further, but took the shell and wrote the name in it as desired.

The absence of Aristides soon dissipated the apprehensions of which his countrymen had so idly imbibed. He was in a short time recalled, and for

many years after took a leading part in the affairs of the republic, without showing the least resentment against his enemies, or seeking any other gratification than that of serving his country with fidelity and honor. His disregard for money was strikingly manifest at his death; for though he was frequently a treasurer, as well as a general, he scarcely left sufficient to defray the expenses of his burial.

—*Adapted from the Percy Anecdotes.*

KEEPING A PROMISE

ILLUSTRATION: The Story of Regulus.

On the other side of the sea from Rome there was once a great city named Carthage. The Roman people were never very friendly to the people of Carthage, and at last a war began between them. For a long time it was hard to tell which would prove the stronger. First the Romans would gain a battle, and then the men of Carthage would gain a battle; and so the war went on for many years.

Among the Romans there was a brave general named Regulus—a man of whom it was said that he never broke his word. It so happened after a while, that Regulus was taken prisoner and carried to Carthage. Ill and very lonely, he dreamed of his wife and little children so far away beyond the sea; and he had but little hope of ever seeing them again. He loved his home dearly, but he believed that his first duty was to his country; and so he had left all, to fight in this cruel war.

He had lost a battle, it is true, and had been taken prisoner. Yet he knew that the Romans were gaining ground, and the people of Carthage were afraid of being beaten in the end. They had sent into other countries to hire soldiers to help them; but even with these they would not be able to fight much longer against Rome.

One day some of the rulers of Carthage came to the prison to talk to Regulus.

"We should like to make peace with the Roman people," they said, "and we are sure, that, if your rulers at home knew how the war is going, they would be glad to make peace with us. We will set you free and let you go home, if you will agree to do as we say."

"And what is that?" asked Regulus.

"In the first place," they said, "you must tell the Romans about the battles which you have lost, and you must make it plain to them that they have not gained anything by the war. In the second place, you must promise us, that, if they will not make peace, you will come back to your prison."

And so they let him go; for they knew that a great Roman would keep his word.

When he came to Rome, all the people greeted him gladly. His wife and children were very happy, for they thought that now they would not be parted again. The white-haired Fathers who made the laws for the city came to see him. They asked him about the war.

"I was sent from Carthage to ask you to make peace," he said. "But it will not be wise to make peace. True, we have been beaten in a few battles, but our army is gaining ground every day. The people of Carthage are afraid and well they may be. Keep on with the war a little while longer, and

Carthage shall be yours. As for me, I have come to bid my wife and children and Rome farewell. Tomorrow I will start back to Carthage and prison; for I have promised."

Then the Fathers tried to persuade him to stay.

"Let us send another man in your place," they said.

"Shall a Roman not keep his word?" answered Regulus. "I am ill, and at the best have not long to live. I will go back, as I promised."

His wife and little children wept, and his sons begged him not to leave again.

"I have given my word," said Regulus. "The rest will be taken care of."

Then he bade them good-bye, and went bravely back to the prison and cruel death which he expected.

—*Baldwin's Fifty Famous Stories.*

KINDNESS

ILLUSTRATION: The Story of Sir Bartle Frere.

When the wife of Sir Bartle Frere had to meet him at the railway station, she took with her a servant recently employed, who had never seen his master. "You must go and look for Sir Bartle," she ordered. "But," answered the nonplussed servant, "how shall I know him?" "Oh," said Lady Frere, "look for a tall gentleman helping somebody."

The description was sufficient for the quick-witted man. He went and found Sir Bartle Frere helping an old lady out of a railway carriage, and knew him at once by the description.

—*Pierson.*

MANNERS

SONG.

SCRIPTURE READING.

ILLUSTRATION: In Public Places.

Refinements of mutual dependence must not be allowed to justify the outrage of selfishness. The passenger who occupies more than his seat in the boat or train, who sits in one chair and covers another with his feet and a third with his bundles, is a public pest and general nuisance, for whose punishment there should be a common law of procedure. But this can be found only where there is a common contempt and resolution which will deprive him of his ill-gotten seats, in the first place, and make him feel, in the second, the general scorn of his neighbors.

But as we are told constantly and correctly that we are a reading people, it is through reading that the members of the family, which is *Hostis humani generis*, will learn that they are the most detestable and detested of the great families of the race. You, sir, whose eyes are skimming this page, and who never give your seat to a woman in the street car "on principle"—the principle being either that a woman ought not to get on a crowded car, knowing that she will put a gentleman to inconvenience; or that the company ought to forbid the entry of more passengers than there are seats; or that the first to come should be the first served; or that number one, having paid for a seat, has a right to occupy it; or

whatever other form of principle it may assume—you are one of the host against whom the crusade is pushed. You are the—well, for the sake of euphony we will say man, but it is not man that is in the mind of your censors.

Or you, madam, who enter the railroad car with an air of right, and look your reproof at every man who does not spring to his feet, and who settle yourself in the seat offered you without the least recognition of the courtesy that offers it—for you it would be well if the urbane mentor of another day were still here, who, having given his seat to a dashing young lady who seemed to be unconscious of his presence, looked at her until she impatiently demanded of him if he wanted anything, and he, responding, said blandly: “Yes, madam, I want to hear you say thank you.”

—*Selected.*

MERCY

SONG: "Depth of Mercy! Can There be, etc."

SCRIPTURE READING: Psalm 103.

ILLUSTRATION: Pocahontas.

There was once a very brave man whose name was John Smith. He came to this country many years ago, when there were great woods everywhere, and many wild beasts and Indians. Many tales are told of his adventures, some of them true and some of them untrue. The most famous of these is the following:

One day when Smith was in the woods, some Indians came upon him, and made him their prisoner. They led him to their king, and in a short time they made ready to put him to death.

A large stone was brought in, and Smith was made to lie down with his head on it. Then two tall Indians with big clubs in their hands came forward. The king and all his great men stood around to see. The Indians raised their clubs. In another moment they would fall on Smith's head.

But just then a little Indian girl rushed in. She was the daughter of the king, and her name was Pocahontas. She ran and threw herself between Smith and the uplifted clubs. She clasped Smith's head with her arms. She laid her own head upon his.

"O, father!" she cried, "spare this man's life. I am sure he has done you no harm, and we ought to be his friends."

The men with the clubs could not strike, for they did not want to hurt the child. The king at first did not know what to do. Then he spoke to some of his warriors, and they lifted Smith from the ground. They untied the cords from his wrists and set him free.

The next day the king sent Smith home; and several Indians went with him to protect him from harm.

After that, as long as she lived, Pocahontas was the friend of the white men, and she did a great many things to help them.

—*Baldwin's Fifty Famous Stories.*

“The quality of mercy is not strain’d—
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless’d—
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute of awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway—
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.”

—*William Shakespeare.*

NEATNESS

ILLUSTRATION: The Boy Who Recommended Himself.

A gentleman advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number, he selected one, and dismissed the rest. "I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation." "You are mistaken," said the gentleman, "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book, which I had purposely placed on the floor, and replaced it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it, showing that he was orderly; and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding. While I talked to him, I noticed that his clothing was tidy, his hair neatly brushed, and his finger nails clean. Do you not call these things letters of recommendation? I do."

—*Little Corporal.*

OBSERVATION

ILLUSTRATION: The Careful Observer.

A dervish was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly appeared. "You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants. "Indeed we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye and lame in his left foot?" said the dervish. "He was," replied the merchants. "And was he not loaded with honey on one side and with wheat on the other?" "He certainly was," they replied; "and, as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him."

"My friends," said the dervish, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you!" "A pretty story, truly," said the merchants; "but where are the jewels that formed a part of his burden?" "I have seen neither your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervish.

On this, they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before them to the Cadi; but, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him either of falsehood or of theft. They were about to proceed against him, when the dervish, with great calmness, thus addressed the court: "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert.

“I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no track of any human footstep on the same route. I knew that the animal was blind of one eye, because it had cropped the herbage on only one side of the path; and that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand. I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage had been left uninjured in the center of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on one side; and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other.”

—Colton.

OPPORTUNITIES

ILLUSTRATION: The Talents.

The kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods. And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one: to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey.

Then he that had received the five talents went and traded with the same, and made them five other talents. And likewise he that had received the two, he also gained other two. But he that had received one, went and digged in the earth, and hid his lord's money.

After a long time the lord of those servants cometh

and reckoneth with them. And so, he that received five talents came and brought five other talents, saying, "Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents; behold, I have gained beside them five talents more." His lord said unto him, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

He also that had received two talents came and said, "Lord, thou deliveredst unto me two talents; behold, I have gained two other talents beside them." His lord said unto him, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

Then he which had received the one talent came and said unto him, "Lord, I know thee, and thou art a hard man, reaping where thou has not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strewed: and I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth. Lo, there thou hast that which is thine."

His lord answered and said unto him, "Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not and gathereth where I have not strewed: thou oughtest, therefore, to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine with usury. Take, therefore, the talent from him and give it unto him that hath ten talents."

"For unto every one that hath it shall be given, and unto him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

—*Matthew, Chapter XXV.*

ORDER

ILLUSTRATION: Order in the House.

Order appears to me like a triumph of mind over matter, over the elements, over confusing and confounding forces. Order is the luminary, the tranquilizer, the moderator, the supporter of toil; it is life's voucher. Without it what would a city of men be? a flock, a swarm, without aim or law, in need of going to school to the ants or the bees. But my intention is to speak of order in the home, where it consists primarily of keeping everything in its place.

We enter a room in such disorder that it might make us fancy ourselves in an antiquity shop or a moving van. The pieces of furniture have the air of frightened creatures surprised to find themselves together. There are books in distress, lost keys, and faded bouquets, the remnants of some past feast. A violin on a chair sets one dreaming darkly: where is the musician. You might surmise that the inhabitants of the place, overtaken by some disaster, fled long ago, and no one knows whither.

The first result of such disorder is chronic ill humor; disorder induces sulkings and frowns. It greets us when we wake in the morning, receives us when we get out of bed, and indisposes us for the day. Moreover, it is a perpetual reproach. And if disorder makes us lose our temper; it also makes us lose our time. When nothing is in its place, we must organize searching parties to supply our slightest needs.

Disorderly people are always late, always hurried. As long as they think they have time enough, nothing can draw them out of their lethargy, but at the last moment a fever seizes hold of them and they stir up the whole household. They are the bane of their travelling companions, despair of those who have appointments with them, the scourge of entertainments, or their laughing stock.

Only those who learn to bring order into life, do not lose life. Business is first of all things in order; science is also order. Without method the most charming acquirements, like the best sustained notes, bring forth only confusion.

—*Charles Wagner.*

PATIENCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES

ILLUSTRATION : Salamanders.

The fable that there were animals that lived in the fire, came from the glowing brilliance of some metals that when they were heated to white heat, acquire a supernal splendor and, apparently, a new and mysterious life. The metal now seems to live, breathe, heave, move; at every new expansion and contraction, a hundred hues, indescribably brilliant and radiant, play around the molten surface. So of heroic souls in the furnace-fires of trial. The flames cannot destroy, but only display them. They manifest a new and divine vitality in fires that consume others.

—*Pierson.*

OVERCOMING DIFFICULTIES.

ILLUSTRATION: Story of Demosthenes.

Perhaps no one ever battled harder to overcome obstacles that would have disheartened most men than Demosthenes. He had such a weak voice, and such an impediment in his speech, and was so short of breath, that he could not get through a single sentence without stopping to rest. All his first attempts were nearly drowned by the hisses and jeers of his audiences. His first effort that met with success was against his guardian who had defrauded him, and whom he compelled to refund a part of his fortune. He was so discouraged by his defeats that he determined to give up forever all attempts at oratory. One of his auditors, however, believed the young man had something in him, and encouraged him to persevere. He accordingly appeared again in public, but was hissed down as before. As he withdrew, hanging his head in great confusion, a noted actor, Satyrus, encouraged him still further to try to overcome his impediment. He stammered so much that he could not pronounce some of the letters at all, and his breath would give out before he could get to the end of a sentence. Finally, he determined to be an orator, cost what it might. He went to the seashore and practiced amid the roar of the breakers with small pebbles in his mouth, in order to overcome his stammering and at the same time accustom himself to the hisses and sneers of his audience. He overcame his shortness of breath by practicing and speaking when running up steep and difficult places on the shore. His awkward gestures were also corrected by long and determined drill before a mirror. —*Marden.*

PATRIOTISM

SONG: "The Star-Spangled Banner."

SCRIPTURE READING: Psalm 137.

ILLUSTRATION: Nathan Hale.

During the Revolutionary War in 1776, General Washington wished one of his officers to go into the enemy's camp in order to obtain some important information on the eve of a great battle.

Captain Nathan Hale, only twenty-one years of age, volunteered for the dangerous service, but was captured with his notes as to the strength of the British army and sentenced to be hanged as a spy. The execution was on Sunday morning, September 22, of that year. The patriot met his fate bravely with the immortal words upon his lips: "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country." It was said at the time that this one sentence of Captain Hale was worth ten thousand men to the dispirited American Army and that the words are unequaled for simple patriotism.

With slow tread and still tread
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance;
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow trace of gloom;
But with calm brow and steady brow,
He robes him for his tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for Liberty:
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die,
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle-cry.

From Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And on Fame-leaf and Angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn!

—*Francis M. Finch.*

PERSEVERANCE

ILLUSTRATION: Bruce and the Spider.

There was once a king of Scotland, whose name was Robert Bruce. He had need to be both brave and wise, for the times in which he lived were wild and rude. The king of England was at war with him, and had led a great army into Scotland to drive him out of the land.

Battle after battle had been fought. Six times had Bruce led his brave little army against his foes; and six times had he been beaten and driven into flight. At last his army was scattered, and he was forced to hide himself in the woods and in lonely places among the mountains.

One rainy day, Bruce lay on the ground under a rude shed listening to the patter of the drops on the roof above him. He was tired, and sick at heart, and ready to give up all hope. It seemed to him that there was no use for him to try to do anything more.

As he lay thinking, he saw a spider over his head, making ready to weave her web. He watched her as

she toiled slowly and with great care. Six times she tried to throw her frail thread from one beam to another, and six times it fell short.

“Poor thing!” said Bruce: “you, too, know what it is to fail.”

But the spider did not lose hope with the sixth failure. With still more care, she made ready to try for the seventh time. Bruce almost forgot his own troubles as he watched her swing herself out upon the slender line. Would she fail again? No! The thread was carried safely to the beam, and fastened there.

“I, too, will try a seventh time!” cried Bruce.

He arose and called his men together. He told them of his plans, and sent them out with messages of cheer to his disheartened people. Soon there was an army of brave Scotchmen around him. Another battle was fought, and the king of England was glad to go back to his own country.

I have heard it said that, after that day, no one by the name of Bruce ever hurt a spider. The lesson which the little creature had taught the king was never forgotten.

—*Baldwin's Fifty Famous Stories.*

REVERENCE

ILLUSTRATION: The Palladium.

That celebrated statue of Troy was called from Pallas—one name of Minerva—the Palladium; it was regarded as the talisman on whose preservation hung the safety of the Capitol. So confident were the Trojans in the power of its presence that, while it remained in the citadel, the citizens braved a siege of ten years, but when, by Diomedes and Ulysses, the image was stolen, they gave way to despair, feeling that all was lost, as did the Jews when they saw the marble and gold of their temple wrapped in a winding sheet of flame. If there be any real Palladium to the Christian commonwealth, any gift of God that has come down from Heaven to stand in the midst of the state as the talisman of our national life, it is the Christian Sabbath. Enshrine that in the popular heart, and all else is comparatively safe. About the Sabbath cluster all the religious interests. It is linked with an open sanctuary and an open Bible, with the worship of God and the works of piety; and while Sabbath-keeping is encouraged, all these grand agencies of religious development and moral culture are a thousand times more potent. But rudely or recklessly break down the sacred limits which enclose the day of God—and holy hours, holy places, and holy things are alike exposed to the trampling feet of the scoffer and skeptic, the irreligious and the infidel. A blow is struck to national prosperity, national morality, national perpetuity.

—*Pierson.*

SELF-CONTROL

ILLUSTRATION : Will Power.

As a final practical maxim, relative to these habits of will, we may, then, offer something like this: KEEP THE FACULTY OF EFFORT ALIVE IN YOU BY A LITTLE GRATUITOUS EXERCISE EVERY DAY. That is, be systematically ascetic or heroic in little unnecessary points; do every day or two something for no other reason than that you would rather not do it, so that when the hour of dire need draws nigh, it may find you not unnerved and untrained to stand the test. Asceticism of this sort is like the insurance a man pays on his house and goods. The tax does him no good at the time, and possibly may never bring him any return. But if the fire does come, his having paid it will be his salvation from ruin. So with the man that has daily inured himself to habits of concentration, energetic volition, and self-denial in unnecessary things. He will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him, and when his softer fellow-mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast.

—*William James.*

From James' "Principles of Psychology."

SELF-GOVERNMENT

ILLUSTRATION: The Story of a Wise Man.

A friend once asked a wise man what caused him so often to complain of pain and weariness in the evening. "Alas!" said he, "I have every day so much to do. I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain, and a sick man to tend and wait upon." "Why, you must be joking," said his friend; "surely no man can have all these things to do at once." "Indeed, I am not joking," said the wise man, "but what I have told you is the sad, sober truth; for the two falcons are my two eyes, which I must diligently guard; the two hares are my feet, which I must keep from walking into the ways of sin; the two hawks are my two hands, which I must train to work so that I may be able to provide for my brethren in need; the serpent is my tongue, which I must always bridle, lest it speak unseemly; the lion is my heart, with which I have a continued fight, lest evil things come out of it; and the sick man is my whole body, which is always needing my watchfulness and care."

—*Pierson.*

SELF-RELIANCE

ILLUSTRATION: The Lark and the Farmer.

A lark had made her nest in the early spring in the young green wheat.

The brood had almost grown to their proper strength, and attained the use of their wings and the full plumage of their feathers, when the owner of the field, overlooking his crop, now quite ripe, said, "The time is come when I must ask all my neighbors to help me with my harvest." One of the young larks heard this speech, and related it to his mother, inquiring of her to what place they should move for safety. "There is no occasion to move yet, my son," she replied; "the man who only sends to his friends to help him with his harvest is not really in earnest."

The owner of the field came again a few days later, and saw the wheat shedding grain from excess of ripeness, and said, "I will come myself tomorrow with my laborers, and with as many reapers as I can hire, and will get in the harvest."

The lark on hearing these words said to her brood, "It is now time to be off, my little ones, for the man is in earnest this time; he no longer trusts to his friends, but will reap the field himself."

Moral: Self-help is the best help.

—*Aesop*.

SELF-SACRIFICE

SONG: "Take My Life and Let It Be."

SCRIPTURE READING: John 15:12-23.

ILLUSTRATION: A Few Instances of Self-Sacrifice.

Phillip Sidney showed himself the "gentleman of his age," when, himself wounded and burning with thirst on the battle-field, he passed on to a soldier dying, a vessel of water and offered him, saying, "His need is greater than mine." When Muelhause, in Prussia, plunged his arms into seething pitch to pull out the explosive hand-grenade accidentally dropped by a workman, the citizens came en masse to present him with a splendid sword and watch in admiration of such heroism. Clara Barton's labors among poor, sick, and wounded soldiers in late European wars, brought to her the Black Cross of Germany, the Golden Cross of Remembrance, and the Red Cross of Geneva, signs and symbols of self-sacrifice. Selfishness is the foe of God. Selfish souls are like the Caspian Sea, which receives into its immense basin the floods of six great rivers and many others, and the pouring rains, and sends out not one rill to gladden the wastes. Selfishness is the root of all sins. Selfishness leads to rebellion against God. The issue is: Self or God; and idolatry of self would dethrone God as a rival, were there a chance of success. Yet this sin lies so deep, is so subtle and secret, has so many manifestations, that, while we cut off a thousand of its branches, the deadly root remains.

—Pierson...

SLOW BUT SURE

SONG: "Nearer My God to Thee."

SCRIPTURE READING: Proverbs 23: 29-32.

ILLUSTRATION: The Hare and the Tortoise.

A hare one day ridiculed the short feet and slow pace of the tortoise. The latter, laughing, said: "Though you be as swift as the wind, I will beat you in the race." The hare, deeming her assertion to be simply impossible, assented to the proposal; and they agreed that the fox should choose the course and fix the goal.

On the day appointed for the race they started together.

The tortoise never for a moment stopped, but went on with a slow steady pace straight to the end of the course.

The hare, trusting to his native swiftness, cared but little about the race, and lying down by the wayside fell fast asleep. At last waking up and moving as fast as he could he saw the tortoise had reached the goal, and was comfortably dozing after her fatigue.

—*Aesop*.

THOROUGHNESS

ILLUSTRATION: Thoroughness Always Pays.

Some years ago in a small town a young man just beginning to work as a carpenter was hired to patch a fence by one of the petty officials of the place. "Don't put any unnecessary work on it," the man said. "I just want it sufficiently strong to keep out any stray live stock, and being out there behind the shrubbery, it won't matter what it looks like. It isn't worth more than a dollar; if you're willing to do it for that, go ahead."

The young man went to work and spent the most of the day on the job. When he went for his pay his employer said: "You haven't just finished, have you? What's the matter with you, anyway?" and he went out to look at the "patch."

It was not only substantially done, but with the utmost neatness and care.

"I told you I didn't care how it looked, didn't I," said the owner angrily. "Now you'll be wanting three quarters of a day's pay"—

"I said I'd do it for a dollar," returned the workman shouldering his tools, "because I wanted the money. If I'd finished in half the time and gone home, I should only have been sitting around there doing nothing. I did the work to suit myself. Now if the price suits you, that's the end of it."

"Well, you're a mighty foolish boy, that's all I've got to say," replied the other, turning on his heel as he handed over the money.

Not long after this the young man went to a neigh-

boring town to live and steadily worked his way up. Some ten years later the owner of the patched fence had risen to the position of county commissioner, and his little town was a growing city, about to erect a number of fine municipal buildings. Among the many applicants for the contract, which, besides being an important one financially, would undoubtedly make an enviable name for its successful bidder, the commissioner noticed a name that seemed in some way familiar to him. After a moment he recalled the incident of the patched fence, which had really made a much deeper impression on him than he had allowed himself to think at the time. The estimate of the young carpenter, now a contractor, proved to be a reasonable one and the work was given to him.

"You want bonds—," the man began.

"No," returned the commissioner, "it won't be necessary in this case, I think. The patch you once put on my fence is guarantee enough. It's standing yet."

TEMPERANCE

ILLUSTRATION: The Abstainer's Creed.

I believe that the Demon of Strong Drink is the gigantic foe of God and man; that it ruins men alike for happiness on earth and blessedness in Heaven; and that two-thirds of all pauperism, crime, and woe, on earth may be traced to him at its progeny; that he was conceived of Satan, born of the depraved appetites of men, and inflicts only suffering upon his victim; that under his rule, reason is crucified, love dies, and conscience is buried; that man descends into hell,

even on earth, and has no resurrection for his manhood, nor redemption for his enslaved soul, but in the power of God; that no drunkard can enter into the Kingdom of God or abide His presence who shall come to judge the living and the dead.

—*Pierson.*

UNITY

SONG: "Blest be the Tie that Binds, etc."

SCRIPTURE READING: Psalm 133.

ILLUSTRATION: The Father and His Sons.

A father had a family of sons who were perpetually quarreling among themselves. When he failed to heal their disputes by his exhortations, he determined to give them a practical illustration of the evils of disunion; and for this purpose he told them one day to bring him a bundle of sticks.

When they had done so, he placed the fagot into the hands of each of them in succession and ordered them to break it into pieces. They each tried to do so and failed.

He next unclosed the fagot and took the sticks separately, one by one, and again put them into their hands, on which they broke them easily.

He then addressed them in these words: "My sons, if you are of one mind, and unite to assist each other, you will be as this fagot, uninjured by the attempts of your enemies; but if you are divided among yourselves, you will be broken as easily as these sticks."

—*Aesop.*

UNSELFISHNESS

SONG: "Auld Lang Syne."

SCRIPTURE READING: Matthew 10: 38-40.

ILLUSTRATION: Sir Phillip Sidney.

A cruel battle was being fought. The ground was covered with dead and dying men. The air was hot and stifling. The sun shone down without pity on the wounded soldiers lying in the blood and dust.

One of these soldiers was a nobleman, whom everybody loved for his gentleness and kindness. Yet now he was no better off than the poorest man in the field. He had been wounded, and would die; and he was suffering much with pain and thirst.

When the battle was over, his friends hurried to his aid. A soldier came running with a cup in his hand.

"Here, Sir Phillip," he said, "I have brought you some clear, cool water from the brook. I will raise your head so that you can drink."

The cup was placed to Sir Phillip's lips. How thankfully he looked at the man who had brought it! Then his eyes met those of a dying soldier who was lying on the ground close by. The wistful look on the poor man's face spoke louder than words.

"Give the water to that man," said Sir Phillip quickly; and then, pushing the cup toward him, he said, "Here, my comrade, take this. Thy need is greater than mine."

What a brave, noble man he was! The name of Sir Phillip Sidney will never be forgotten; for it was the name of a Christian gentleman who always

had the good of others in his mind. Was it any wonder that everybody wept when it was heard that he was dead?

It is said that on the day when he was carried to the grave, every eye in the land was filled with tears. Rich and poor, high and low, all felt that they had lost a friend; all mourned the death of the kindest, gentlest man that they had ever known.

—*Baldwin's Fifty Famous Stories.*

CONCEIT

ILLUSTRATION: The Frog and the Ox.

"Oh, father," said a little frog to the big one sitting by the side of the pool, "I have seen such a terrible monster! It was as big as a mountain, with horns on its head, and a long tail, and it had hoofs divided in two."

"Tush, child, tush," said the old frog, "that was only Farmer White's ox. It isn't so big either; he may be a little taller than I, but I could easily make myself quite as broad; just you see." So he blew himself out, and blew himself out. "Was he as big as that?" asked he.

"Oh, much bigger than that," said the young frog.

Again the old one blew himself out, and asked the young one if the ox was as big as that.

"Bigger, father, bigger," was the reply.

So the frog took a deep breath, and blew and blew and blew, and swelled and swelled and swelled. And then he said: "I'm sure the ox is not as big as—" But at this moment he burst.

—*Aesop.*

BOASTING

ILLUSTRATION: The Travellers and the Bear.

Two men were going through a forest.

"I am afraid," said one, "that we may meet with wild beasts; I see the tracks of their paws on the ground."

"Fear nothing, friend Quickwit," cried the other, whose name was Braggart. "In case of an attack we shall stand by one another like men. I have a strong arm, a stout heart, and—"

"Hark!" cried the first man in alarm, as a low growl was heard from a thicket near. In an instant Braggart, who was light and nimble, climbed up a tree like a squirrel, leaving his friend, who was not so active to face the danger alone!

But Quickwit's presence of mind did not fail him. He could not fight, he could not fly; but he laid himself flat on the ground, and held his breath, so as to appear quite dead. Out of the thicket rushed a huge bear, and at once made up to poor Quickwit; while Braggart looked down, trembling, from his perch in the tree.

One may guess what were the feelings of Quickwit when the bear snuffed all around him, coming so near that he could feel its warm breath, when its muzzle was close to his ear! But Quickwit did not wince or move; and the bear, thinking him dead, plunged again into the thicket, leaving him unharmed!

When Braggart saw that the danger was over, he came down from the tree. Somewhat ashamed of his cowardly conduct, he passed the matter off with a joke.

“Well, my friend Quickwit,” he said, “what did the bear say to you when he whispered into your ear?”

“He told me,” replied Quickwit, “Never again to trust a boaster like you!”

The hour of danger often shows that the greatest boasters are the greatest cowards. Let courage be proved by deeds, not words.

—*From The Royal Readers.*

DECEPTION

ILLUSTRATION: The Shepherd's Boy.

There was once a young shepherd boy who tended his sheep at the foot of a mountain, near a dark forest. It was rather lonely for him all day, so he thought upon a plan by which he could get a little company and some excitement. He rushed down toward the village calling out, “Wolf! Wolf!” and the villagers came out to meet him, and some of them stopped with him for a considerable time. This pleased the boy so much that a few days later he tried the same trick, and again the villagers came to his help. But shortly after this a wolf actually did come out of the forest, and began to worry the sheep, and the boy, of course, cried out, “Wolf! Wolf!” still louder than before. But this time, the villagers, who had been fooled twice before, thought the boy was again deceiving them, and nobody came to his help. So the wolf made a good meal off the boy's flock, and when the boy complained, the wise men of the village said:

“A liar will not be believed, even when he speaks the truth.”

—*Aesop.*

CRUELTY

ILLUSTRATION: A Cruel Boy.

There was once a boy who loved to give pain to everything that came his way, over which he could gain any power. He would take eggs from the mourning robin, and torture the unfledged sparrow, cats and dogs, the peaceable cow and the faithful horse; he delighted to worry and distress. I do not like to tell you the many cruel things that he did. He was told that such things were wrong. An excellent lady with whom he lived used to warn and reprove him for his evil conduct—but he did not reform. When he grew up he became a soldier.

He was never sorry to see men wounded and blood running upon the earth. He became so wicked that he laid a plan to betray his country, and to sell it into the hands of the enemy. This is to be a traitor. But he was discovered and fled. He never dared to return to his native land, but lived despised and died miserably in a foreign clime. Such was the end of the cruel boy, who loved to give pain to animals. He was born in Norwich, Conn., and the beautiful city of his birth is ashamed of his memory. His name was Benedict Arnold.

—*The Spirit of Humanity.*

EGOTISM

ILLUSTRATION: The Egotistic Senator.

Even the philosophers have not shown themselves averse to being sprinkled with the holy waters of laudation. Socrates soberly told his judges that they should award him a pension instead of condemning him; and Epicurus assured his correspondent that if he desired glory, it was secured to him by the fact that Epicurus thought him worthy of being written to.

Alcibiades let all the world know that the one purpose of his life, whether he headed a conspiracy, or cut off his dog's tail, was to make a noise and give the Athenians something to think about. Aristophanes, more frank even than Cicero, made his comedies vehicles for the most extravagant self-praise, coolly claiming for each successive play not only that it was the best he had written, but that it was also the best of its class, and not to be equaled by any other effort of human wit.

It is related of a distinguished senator, who had been in rather bad health, that he was accosted by a constituent during one of those breathless periods of the late war, when the very destinies of the nation seemed to our excited fancies to hang upon the fortunes of the hour.

"Oh Mr.——, I am so glad to see you!" said the friend. "Is there—have you any news?"

"Thank you!" responded the senator, with grave serenity, "Thank you, I am much better."

—Lippincott.

ENVY

ILLUSTRATION: The Fishermen.

A young man stood listless watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At length, approaching a basket filled with fish, he sighed, "If now I had these, I would be happy. I could sell them and buy food and lodgings." "I will give you just as many and just as good," said the owner, who chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor." "And what is that?" asked the other. "Only to tend this line until I come back; I wish to go on a short errand." The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to get impatient. Meanwhile the fish snapped greedily at the hook and he lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in. When the owner returned, he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to the youth the old man said, "I will fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need to waste no time in foolish wishing, but cast a line for yourself."

—Marden.

EXAGGERATION

ILLUSTRATION: The Three Black Crows.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand.
“Hark ye,” said he, “’Tis an odd story this,
About the crows!” “I don’t know what it is,”
Replied his friend. “No? I’m surprised at that.
Where I come from it is the common chat.”

“But you shall hear—an odd affair indeed!
And that it happened they are all agreed.
Not to detain you from a thing so strange;
A gentleman who lives not far from Change,
This week, in short, as all the Alley knows,
Taking a vomit threw up three black crows.”

“Impossible!” “Nay, but ’tis really true;
I had it from good hands and so may you.”
“From whose, I pray?” So having named the man,
Straight to inquire, his curious comrade ran:
“Sir, did you tell”—(relating the affair).
“Yes, sir, I did; and if ’tis worth your care,
’Twas Mr. Such-a-one who told it me.
But, bye-the-bye, ’twas two black crows, not three.”

Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Quick to the third the virtuoso went:
“Sir”—(and so forth). “Why yes, the thing is fact,
Though in regard to number, not exact.
It was not two black crows, but only one.
The truth of that you may depend upon.
The gentleman himself told me the case.”
“Where may I find him?” “Why, in such a place.”

Away he went; and having found him out:
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
Then to his last informant he referred,
And begged to know if true what he had heard.

"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?" "Not I!"
"Bless me, how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, one,
And here I find it comes at last to none.
Did you say anything of a crow at all?"
"Crow? crow? Perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over." "And pray, sir, what was't?"
"Why, I was horrid sick, and, at last,
I did throw up and told my neighbor so—
Something that was as black, sir, as a crow."

—*John Byrom.*

FAMILIARITY

ILLUSTRATION: The Fox and the Lion.

A fox who had never seen a lion, met one by a certain chance one day in the forest and was so frightened that he was near dying with fear.

On meeting with him the second time, he was still much alarmed, but not to the same extent as at first.

On seeing him the third time, he so increased his boldness that he went up to him and commenced a familiar conversation with him.

MORAL: Familiarity breeds contempt.

—*Aesop.*

EXTRAVAGANCE

ILLUSTRATION: The Whistle.

When I was a child, seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed with the sound of a whistle that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all of my money for one.

I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me that I had given four times as much for it as it was worth.

This put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much that I cried with vexation.

This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy unnecessary things, I said to myself: "Don't give too much for the whistle;" and so I saved my money. As I grew up, came into the world, and observed men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for the whistle. When I saw anyone too ambitious of the favor of the great, wasting his time in attendance on public dinners, sacrificing his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I said to myself, "This man gives too much for his whistle."

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and

the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, "Poor man," said I, "you do indeed pay too much for your whistle."

When I met a man of pleasure, sacrificing the improvement of his mind, or of his fortune, to a mere bodily comfort, "Mistaken man," said I, "you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle."

In short, I believed that a great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

—*Adapted from Benjamin Franklin.*

FEAR

ILLUSTRATION: The Pilgrims and the Plague.

"Where are you going?" asked an Eastern Pilgrim on meeting the plague one day. "I am going to Bagdad to kill five thousand people," was the reply. A few days later the same Pilgrim met the plague returning. "You told me you were going to Bagdad to kill five thousand people," said he, but instead you killed fifty thousand." "No," said the plague, "I killed only five thousand, as I told you I would; the others died of fright."

Physicians have reported cases where hundreds of people died of fright in the poor quarters of large cities, in time of plague, before it was a physical possibility that the disease could have reached them.

—*Marden.*

FICKLENESS

ILLUSTRATION: The Bat, the Birds, and the Beasts.

A great conflict was about to come off between the Birds and the Beasts. When the two armies were collected together the Bat hesitated which to join. The Birds that passed his perch said: "Come with us;" but he said: "I am a Beast." Later on some Beasts who were passing beneath him looked up and said: "Come with us." But he said: "I am a Bird." Luckily, at the last moment peace was made, and no battle took place, so that the Bat came to the Birds and wished to join in the rejoicings, but they all turned against him and he had to fly away. He then went to the Beasts, but soon he had to beat a retreat, or else they would have torn him to pieces. "Ah," said the Bat, "I see now he that is neither one thing nor the other has no friends."

—*Aesop*.

FLATTERY

ILLUSTRATION: The Fox and the Crow.

A fox once saw a crow fly off with a piece of cheese in its beak and settle on a branch of a tree. "That's for me, as I am a fox," said Master Reynard, and he walked up to the foot of the tree. "Good-day, Mistress Crow," he cried. "How well you are looking today; how glossy your feathers; how bright your eye. I feel sure your voice must surpass that of other birds, just as your figure does; let me hear just one song from you that I may greet you as the Queen of Birds." The crow lifted up her head and began to caw her best, but the moment she opened her mouth, the piece of cheese fell out, only to be snapped up by Master Fox. "That will do," said he, "that was all I wanted. In exchange for your cheese, I will give you a piece of advice for the future—'Do not trust flatterers.'"

—*Aesop.*

FOPPERY

ILLUSTRATION: Foppery and Courage.

Foppery in dress is by no means a sure mark of either effeminacy or cowardice; and those who presume on such appearances, like all who judge merely from externals, will often be mistaken.

The late Sir Alexander Schomberg, many years commander of the king's yacht, the *Dorset*, was during the whole of a long life, a very great beau. When a young man, he was one day walking down a fashionable street in London, and having taken out his handkerchief which was highly perfumed, a couple of rowdies, conceiving that an officer so perfumed was a very safe object of ridicule, followed him down the street, amusing themselves with sneers at him. Sir Alexander at length reached his lodging, and having knocked at the door, he called one of the gentlemen and said, "Sir, I perceive you have been much taken with the perfume of my handkerchief;" then, taking it out with his left hand he added, "I request you to smell it closer," at the same time twisting his nose and flogging him with his cane, he concluded by informing him that he was Captain Schomberg of the Royal Navy, very much at his service.

—*Percy Anecdotes.*

IDLENESS

ILLUSTRATION: Utilization of Spare Moments.

It was in an old school book that the writer, as a boy, first came across that significant sentiment of the famous New England educator and philanthropist, Horace Mann, "Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered. They are gone forever."

This thought, expressed with such novelty and such beauty, is a whole sermon in itself. From it may be deduced the lesson of the danger which attends the waste of time. Idleness results in mental and moral atrophy, and as experience shows, becomes the prolific mother of ignorance and vice; the criminal population is not recruited from the ranks of the industrious. From it also, we may draw the lesson of the value of spare moments rightly employed.

When one considers what wonders may be accomplished through the utilization of these fragments of time, what mines of information may be acquired by improving spare moments, they surely seem golden. In these days when the facilities for obtaining knowledge are so many, when the best thoughts of the greatest minds are in the reach of all, culture is a possibility to the busiest, a mastery of what are known as the highest branches of learning may be attained by the humblest. One new fact acquired a day means a store of over seven thousand in twenty years. It has been demonstrated that one hour a day devoted to the reading of books will in twenty years

result in the reading of three hundred and sixty-five large volumes.

The examples of distinguished men in all the walks of life attest the value of spare moments. The famous Dr. Burney, learning the French and Italian languages while riding on horseback to and fro from his music pupils; Elihu Burritt, foremost scholar of his times, mastering mathematical problems and eighteen ancient and modern languages while laboring at the forge; the indomitable Livingstone performing the hardest manual labor with a book at his side, that he might not waste a moment; the indefatigable Carey, pioneer of modern missionary effort, learning the classic while toiling at the bench; the invincible Napoleon, with his reports under his pillow, that he might study them in his wakeful moments; the eloquent Phillips Brooks, as a student, laying the foundation of that noble diction and facility of speech which afterwards made him famous, by poring over the pages of the dictionary while waiting to be served at the dinner table of a boarding house; the immortal Lincoln, lying flat on the floor in the morning hours, with the fire or a torch for a light, assimilating the contents of a book which he had walked a mile to borrow—all these illustrate the worth of spare moments, properly utilized.

—*Walter F. Stephens.*

IMPERFECT JUDGMENT

ILLUSTRATION : The Blind Men and the Elephant.

There were once six blind men who stood by the roadside every day, and begged from the people who passed. They had often heard of elephants, but they had never seen one; for being blind, how could they?

It so happened that one morning an elephant was driven down the road where they stood. When they were told that the great beast was before them, they asked the driver to let him stop so that they might see him.

Of course they could not see him with their eyes; but they thought that by touching him they could learn just what sort of an animal he was.

The first one happened to put his hand on the elephant's side. "Well, well!" he said, "now I know all about this beast. He is exactly like a wall."

The second felt only of the elephant's tusk. "My brother," he said, "you are mistaken. He is not at all like a wall. He is round and smooth and sharp. He is more like a spear than anything else."

The third happened to take hold of the elephant's trunk. "Both of you are wrong," he said. "Anybody who knows can see that this elephant is like a snake."

The fourth reached out his arms and grasped one of the elephant's legs. "Oh, how blind you are!" he said. "It is very plain to me that he is round and tall like a tree."

The fifth was a very tall man, and he chanced to take hold of the elephant's ear. "The blindest man ought to know that this beast is not like anything you name," he said. "He is exactly like a huge fan."

The sixth was very blind, indeed, and it was some time before he could find the elephant at all. At last he seized the animal's tail. "O foolish fellows!" he cried. "You surely have lost your senses. This elephant is not like a wall, or a spear, or a snake, or a tree; neither is he like a fan. But any man with a particle of sense can see that he is exactly like a rope."

Then the elephant moved on and the six blind men quarreled all day about him. Each believed that he knew just how the animal looked; and each called the others hard names because they did not agree with him. People who have eyes sometimes act as foolishly.

—*Baldwin's Fifty Famous Stories.*

INATTENTION

ILLUSTRATION: The Glory of a Stainless Life.

An Arabian princess was once presented by her teachers with an ivory casket, not to be opened until a year had passed. The time, impatiently waited for, came at last, and with trembling haste she unlocked the treasure; and lo! on the satin linings lay a shroud of rust; the form of something beautiful, but the beauty gone. A slip of parchment contained these words: "Dear pupil, learn a lesson in your life. This trinket, when enclosed had upon it only a spot of rust; by neglect it has become the useless thing you now behold, only a blot upon its pure surroundings. So a little stain on your character will, by inattention and neglect, mar a bright and useful life, and in time leave only the dark shadow of what might have been. Place herein a jewel of gold, and after many

years you will find it still as sparkling as ever. So with yourself; treasure up only the pure, the good, and you will be an ornament to society, and a source of true pleasure to yourself and your friends."

—*Pierson.*

INGRATITUDE

ILLUSTRATION: The Farmer and the Snake.

One cold winter day a farmer found a snake frozen and stiff with cold.

He had compassion on it, and taking it up, placed it in his bosom.

The snake, on being thawed by the warmth, quickly revived, when, resuming his natural instincts, he bit his benefactor, inflicting on him a mortal wound.

—*Aesop.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so high
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.

—*William Shakespeare.*

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

ILLUSTRATION: Give God Your Best.

The story is told of an old Irish woman who lived the life of a miser; all alone in an old house that was literally tumbling down around her ears. She lived not a great way from the castle where it was the habit of Queen Victoria to spend her summer months. One day the queen was driving by the house of the old woman in an open carriage, when there came up a sudden rain storm, finding the queen without even an umbrella for shelter. She ordered her footman to go to the house of the old woman hard by, and ask the loan of an umbrella. At the footman's knock, she opened the door, but slightly, and peering at him with one eye, asked gruffly: "What do you want?" "Would ye lend us an umbrella for the lady in the carriage?" he asked. "Will ye be sure to bring it back?" she said, and being assured in the affirmative, she went reluctantly to her closet and brought him the oldest of the two umbrellas which she possessed, and again opening the door, she passed it out to him with the repeated injunction to be sure to bring it back again without delay.

The queen then proceeded with her drive back to the castle, but when she raised the umbrella she found that it was so old that the wind tore it to pieces and she did not escape her wetting. The next day the queen's footman called at the home of the old Irish woman and presented her with a new silk umbrella with a gold handle, saying: "This comes with the compliments of her majesty, Queen Victoria, to

whom you yesterday loaned an umbrella which was destroyed by wind." "Do ye mean to tell me that the lady who wanted my umbrella was Queen Victoria?" exclaimed the woman. "It was, ma'am," replied the footman. "Well, why didn't ye tell me? Why, I lent her the worst one I had. If I had known she was the queen, she could have had my best umbrella. And to think I've sat at this window for twelve years hoping to see the queen when she might pass and when she did come and wanted my umbrella, I lent her the worst one I had," and she bitterly blamed herself for not giving the queen the best.

PLEASING EVERYBODY

SONG.

SCRIPTURE READING.

ILLUSTRATION: The Man, the Boy, and the Donkey.

A man and his son were once going with their donkey to market. As they were walking along by its side, a countryman passed them and said: "You fools, what is a donkey for, but to ride upon?"

So the man put the boy on the donkey and they went on their way. But soon they passed a group of men, one of whom said: "See that lazy youngster, he lets his father walk while he rides."

So the man ordered the boy to get off, and got on himself. But they hadn't gone far when they passed two women, one of whom said to the other:

“Shame on that lazy lout to let that poor boy trudge along.”

The man didn't know what to do, but at last he took his boy up before him on the donkey. By this time they had come to the town, and the passers-by began to jeer and point at them. The man stopped and asked what they were scoffing at. The men said: “Aren't you ashamed of yourself for overloading that poor donkey of yours—you and your hulking son?”

The man got off and tried to think what to do. They thought and thought, till at last they cut down a pole, tied the donkey's feet to it, and the pole and donkey were raised to their shoulders. They went along amid the laughter of all who met them till they came to Market Bridge, when the donkey, getting one of his feet loose, kicked out and caused the boy to drop his end of the pole. In the struggle the donkey fell over the bridge, and his fore-feet being tied together, he was drowned.

“That will teach you,” said an old man who had followed them:

“Please all, and you will please none.”

—*Adapted from Aesop.*

POPULARITY

ILLUSTRATION: The Hare with Many Friends.

A hare was very popular with the other beasts who all claimed to be her friends. But one day she heard the hounds approaching and hoped to escape them by the aid of her many friends. So she went to the horse, and asked him to carry her away from the hounds on his back. But he declined, stating that he had important work to do for his master. "He felt sure," he said, "that all her other friends would come to her assistance." She then applied to the bull, and hoped he would repel the hounds with his horns. The bull replied: "I am very sorry, but I have an appointment with a lady; but I feel sure that our friend the goat will do what you want." The goat, however, feared that his back might do her some harm if he took her upon it. The ram, he felt sure, was the proper friend to apply to. So she went to the ram and told him the case. The ram replied: "Another time, my dear friend. I do not like to interfere on the present occasion, as hounds have been known to eat sheep as well as hares." The hare then applied, as a last hope, to the calf, who regretted that he was unable to help her, as he did not like to take the responsibility upon himself, as so many older persons had declined the task. By this time the hounds were quite near, and the hare took to her heels and luckily escaped.

"He that hath many friends, hath no friends."

—*Adapted from Aesop.*

PRIDE

ILLUSTRATION: The Lords of the Isles.

The lordship of the Hebridian Isles continued in the family of McDonald for a long series of years; but at last the aggrandizements of the Scottish monarchs, by succeeding to the crowns of England and Ireland, sunk the Lords of the Isles into British subjects. For many years after, however, they were distinguished subjects noted for a pride of spirit which seemed to disdain comparison with any state short of royalty itself. One of the Lords McDonald, happening to be in Ireland, was invited to an entertainment given by the Lord Lieutenant. He chanced to be among those last in coming in, and sat himself down at the foot of the table near the door. The Lord Lieutenant asked him to sit beside him. McDonald, who spoke little English, asked "What says the carle?" "He bids you move to the head of the table." "Tell the carle, that wherever McDonald sits, that is the head of the table."

—*Percy Anecdotes.*

PROCRASTINATION

ILLUSTRATION: Facts about a Few Great Men.

Alexander, who ascended the throne at twenty, had conquered the world before dying at thirty-three. Julius Caesar captured eight hundred cities, conquered three hundred nations, and defeated three million men, became a great orator and one of the greatest statesmen known, and still was a young man. Washington was appointed adjutant-general at nineteen, was sent at twenty-one as ambassador to treat with the French, and won his first battle as colonel at twenty-two. LaFayette was made general of the whole French army at twenty. Charlemagne was master of France and Germany at thirty. Conde was only twenty-two when he conquered at Roicroi. Galileo was but eighteen when he saw the principle of the pendulum in the swinging lamp at the cathedral at Pisa. Peel was in Parliament before he was twenty-two, and at twenty-four he was Lord of the Treasury. Elizabeth Barrett Browning was proficient in Greek and Latin at twelve; De Quincey at eleven. Robert Browning wrote at eleven poetry of no mean order. Cowley, who sleeps in Westminster Abbey, published a volume of poems at fifteen. N. P. Willis won lasting fame as a poet before leaving college. Macaulay was a celebrated author before he was twenty-three. Luther was but twenty-nine when he nailed his famous thesis to the door of the bishop and defied the pope. Nelson was a lieutenant in the British navy before he was twenty. He was but forty-seven when he received his death wound at

Trafalgar. Charles the Twelfth was only nineteen when he gained the battle of Narva; at thirty-six, Cortez was conqueror of Mexico; at thirty-two Clive had established the British power in India. Hannibal, the greatest of military commanders, was only thirty, when, at Cannae, he dealt an almost annihilating blow at the Republic of Rome; and Napoleon was only twenty-seven when, on the plains of Italy, he out-generated and defeated, one after another, the veteran marshals of Austria.

—Marden.

SELF-INDULGENCE.

ILLUSTRATION: The Magic Skin.

Balzac's "Peau de Chagrin" is founded on the myth of the magic skin. A young man becomes the possessor of a magic skin, the peculiarity of which is that, while it gratified every wish formed by its possessor, it shrinks in all its dimensions each time a wish is gratified. He makes every effort to find the cause of its shrinking, invokes the aid of the physicist, chemist and student of natural history, all in vain. He draws a red line around it. That same day he indulges in a longing for a certain object. The next morning there is a little interval between the red line and the skin, close to which it was traced. So always, inevitably, as he lives on, satisfying one desire or passion after another, the shrinking process continues. A moral disease sets in which keeps pace with the shrinking skin, and his life and its talisman come to an end together. What a fable to illustrate the *moral atrophy of self-indulgence*. —Pierson,

REVENGE

ILLUSTRATION: An Eastern Story.

A haughty favorite of an Oriental monarch threw a stone at a poor priest. The dervish did not dare to throw it back, for the favorite was very powerful. So he picked up the stone and put it carefully into his pocket, saying to himself: "The time for revenge will come by and by and then I will repay him." Not long afterward, walking in one of the streets, he saw a great crowd, and found to his astonishment, that his enemy, the favorite, who had fallen into disgrace with the king, was being paraded through the principal streets on a camel, exposed to the jests and insults of the populace. The dervish, seeing all this, hastily grasped at the stone which he carried in his pocket, saying to himself: "The time for my revenge has come, and I will repay him for his insulting conduct." But, after considering a moment, he threw the stone away, saying: "The time for revenge never comes; for, if our enemy is powerful, revenge is dangerous, as well as foolish, and if he is weak and wretched, then revenge is worse than foolish, it is mean and cruel. And in all cases it is forbidden and wicked."

—Pierson.

SELF-INTEREST

ILLUSTRATION: The Fox without a Tail.

It happened that a fox caught its tail in a trap, and in struggling to release himself, lost all of it but the stump. At first he was ashamed to show himself among his fellow foxes. But at last he determined to put a bolder face upon his misfortune, and summoned all the foxes to a general meeting to consider a proposal which he had to place before them. When they had assembled together the fox proposed that they should all do away with their tails. He pointed out how inconvenient a tail was when they were pursued by their enemies, the dogs; how much it was in the way when they desired to sit down and hold a friendly conversation with one another. He failed to see any advantage in carrying about such an encumbrance. "That is all very well," said one of the older foxes; "but I do not think you would have recommended us to dispense with our chief ornament if you had not happened to lose it yourself."

—*Aesop*.

SLANDER

SONG: "Speak Gently."

SCRIPTURE READING: James 3:1-14.

ILLUSTRATION: The Slanderer.

A lady visited Sir Philip Neri on one occasion, accusing herself of being a slanderer.

"Do you frequently fall into this fault?" he inquired.

"Yes, very often," replied the penitent.

"My dear child," said Philip, "your fault is great, but the mercy of God is greater. I now bid thee do as follows: Go to the nearest market and purchase a chicken just killed and covered with feathers; then walk a certain distance, plucking the bird as you go. Your walk finished, return to me."

The woman did as directed and returned, anxious to know the meaning of so singular an injunction.

"You have been very faithful to the first part of my orders," said Philip. "Now do the second part, and you will be cured. Retrace your steps, pass through all the places you have traversed, and gather up one by one all the feathers you have scattered."

"But," said the woman, "I cast all the feathers carelessly away, and the wind carried them in all directions."

"Well, my child," replied Philip, "so it is with your words of slander. Like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions: call them back now if you can. Go, sin no more."

—*Selected.*

STINGINESS

ILLUSTRATION: Anecdote of Burns.

One day a rich Greenock merchant, walking along the quays, incautiously missed his footing and fell into the Clyde. He would have been inevitably drowned but for the bravery of a poor man, who leaped in after him and rescued him from immediate death. The millionaire, after coming to himself, and knowing what he owed his deliverer, put his hand into his dripping pocket and rewarded him with the munificent amount of sixpence! This caused a commotion in the crowd that had gathered, and language more strong than select was hurled at the merchant for his unheard-of stinginess, and he began to sneak off, afraid of something worse than hard words. At this stage a stout, broad-shouldered, dark-eyed, noble-looking son of toil came up and asked the cause of the turmoil. On hearing it, with a withering look of contempt at the merchant, he turned to the crowd and said: "My freens, yere a' wrang. Let him alane; surely he kens the value of his ane worthless life—just saxpence—better than ony o' us." With a shout of good-natured, but derisive laughter, the crowd dispersed. The speaker was the celebrated Robert Burns.

—*Pierson.*

TREACHERY

ILLUSTRATION: The Just Reward of Treachery.

Tarpeia, the daughter of Tarpeius, the keeper of the Roman Capitol, agreed to betray it into the hands of the Sabines, on this condition, "that she should have for her reward, that which they carried upon their left arms," meaning the golden bracelets they wore upon them. The Sabines having been let in by Tarpeia, according to compact, Titus, their king, though well pleased with carrying the place, yet detesting the manner in which it was done, commanded the Sabines to give the fair traitor her reward by throwing to her all they wore upon their left arms; and therewith, unclasping his bracelet from his left arm, he cast that, together with his shield, upon her. All the Sabines followed the example of their chief and the traitoress was speedily overwhelmed with the number of bracelets and bucklers heaped upon her, and thus perished miserably under the weight of the reward which she had earned by the double treachery to her father and to her country.

—*The Percy Anecdotes.*

TYRANNY

ILLUSTRATION: The Frogs Desiring a King.

The frogs were living as happy as could be in a marshy swamp that just suited them; they went splashing about, caring for nobody and nobody troubling them. But some of them thought that this was not right, that they should have a king and a proper constitution, so they determined to send up to Jove a petition to give them what they wanted. "Mighty Jove," they cried, "send unto us a king that will rule over us and keep us in order." Jove laughed at their croaking and threw down a huge log into the swamp. The frogs were frightened out of their lives by the commotion made in their midst, and all rushed to the bank to look at the horrible monster; but, after a time, seeing that it did not move, one or two of the boldest of them moved toward the log, and even dared to touch it; still it did not move. Then the greatest hero of the frogs jumped upon the log and commenced dancing up and down upon it, thereupon all the frogs came and did the same; and for some time the frogs went about their business every day without taking the slightest notice of their new King Log, lying in their midst. But this did not suit them, so they sent another petition to Jove, and said unto him: "We want a real king; one that will really rule over us." Now this made Jove angry, so he sent among them a huge stork that soon set to work to gobbling them all up. Then the frogs repented when it was too late.

—Adapted from Aesop.

VANITY

ILLUSTRATION: The Maid and the Eggs.

When men suffer their imagination to amuse them with the prospect of distant and uncertain improvements of their condition, they frequently sustain real losses, by their inattention to those affairs in which they are immediately concerned.

A country maid was walking very deliberately with a pail of milk on her head, when she fell into the following train of reflections: "The money for which I shall sell this milk, will enable me to increase my stock of eggs to three hundred. These eggs, allowing for what may prove addle, and what may be destroyed by vermin, will produce at least two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be fit to carry to the market about Christmas, when poultry bears a good price; so that by May-day I can not fail of having money enough to purchase a new gown. Green!—let me consider—yes, green becomes my complexion best, and green it shall be. In this dress I will go to the fair, where all the young fellows will strive to have me for a partner; but I shall refuse every one of them and, with an air of disdain, toss from them."

Transported with this triumphant thought, she could not refrain from acting with her head what had thus passed in her imagination, when down came the pail of milk, and with it all her imaginary happiness.

—*Webster's Spelling Book.*

AXE TO GRIND

ILLUSTRATION: A Story of Franklin.

When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man with an axe on his shoulder. "My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow!" said he. "Will you let me grind my axe on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "Fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered. "It is down in the shop."

"And will you, my little man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettle full. "How old are you?—and what's your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply. "I'm sure you are one of the finest lads I have ever seen. Will you just turn a few times for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a little fool, I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new axe and I toiled and tugged until I was almost tired to death. The school bell rang and I could not get away. My hands were blistered and the axe was not half ground. At length, however, it was sharpened, and the man turned to me with "Now you little rascal, you've played truant! Scud to school, or you'll rue it!"

"Alas!" thought I, "it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but to be called a little rascal is too much."

It sank deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since. When I see a merchant over-polite to his

customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and showing goods on his counter, thinks I, "That man has an axe to grind."

When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful, "Alas!" methinks, "deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone for somebody."

—*Benjamin Franklin.*

CHOOSING COMPANIONS

ILLUSTRATION: The Two Dogs.

Hasty and inconsiderate connections are generally attended with great disadvantages; and much of every man's good or ill fortune depends upon the choice he makes of his friends.

A good-natured spaniel overtook a sturdy mastiff as he was travelling upon the high road. Tray, although an entire stranger to Tiger, very civilly accosted him; and if it would be no interruption, he said, he would be glad to bear him company on his way. Tiger, who happened to be not altogether in so growling a mood as usual, accepted the proposal; and they very amicably pursued their journey together. In the midst of their conversation, they arrived at the next village, where Tiger began to display his malignant disposition, by an unprovoked attack on almost every dog he met. The villagers immediately sallied forth with great indignation to rescue their respective favorites; and falling upon our poor friends without distinction or mercy, poor Tray was most cruelly treated, for no other reason than his being found in bad company.

—*Webster's Spelling Book.*

CHRISTIANITY

ILLUSTRATION: Beecher and Ingersoll.

It is said that in a small company of men, Colonel Ingersoll was one day indulging in his assaults on Christianity. Among his hearers was Henry Ward Beecher, who seemed to be listening in an abstracted way. When the blatant infidel had done, the old man slowly lifted himself from his attitude and replied:

"If you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentlemen were talking, my mind was bent on a most deplorable spectacle which I witnessed today."

"What was that?" at once inquired Colonel Ingersoll, who notwithstanding his peculiar views of the hereafter, was noted for his kindness of heart.

"Why," said Mr. Beecher, "as I was walking down town today, I saw a poor lame man with crutches slowly and carefully picking his way through a cess-pool of mud in the endeavor to cross the street. He had just reached the middle of the filth, when a big, burly ruffian, himself all bespattered, rushed up to him, jerked the crutches from under the unfortunate man, and left him sprawling in helplessness in the pool of liquid dirt, which almost engulfed him."

"What a brute he was!" said the Colonel.

"What a brute he was!" they all echoed.

"Yes," said the old man, rising from his chair and brushing back his long white hair, while his eyes glittered with their old-time fire as they bent on Ingersoll, "yes, Colonel Ingersoll and you are the man. The human soul is lame, but Christianity gives it crutches

to enable it to pass on the highway of life. It is your teachings that knock these crutches from under it, and leave it a helpless, rudderless wreck in the slough of despond. If robbing a human soul of its only support on this earth—religion—be your profession, why, ply it to your heart's content. It requires an architect to erect a building; an incendiary may reduce it to ashes."

—*Pierson.*

COMPENSATION

ILLUSTRATION: The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse.

Now you must know that town mouse once upon a time went on a visit to his cousin in the country. He was rough and ready, this cousin, but he loved his town friend and made him heartily welcome. Beans and bacon, cheese and bread, were all he had to offer, but he offered them freely. The town mouse rather turned up his nose at this country fare, and said: "I can not understand, cousin, how you can put up with such poor food as this, but of course you can not expect anything better in the country; come with me and I will show you how to live. When you have been in town a week, you will wonder how you ever stood country life." No sooner said than done; the two mice set off for town and arrived at the town mouse's residence late at night. "You will want some refreshment after our long journey," said the polite town mouse, and took his friend into a grand dining-

room. There they found the remains of a fine feast, and soon the two mice were eating up jellies and cakes and all that was nice. Suddenly they heard a growling and barking. "What was that?" said the country mouse. "It is only the dogs of the house," answered the other. "Only," said the country mouse, "I do not like that music at my dinner." Just then the door flew open, in came two huge mastiffs, and the two mice had to scamper down and run off. "Good-bye, cousin," said the country mouse. "What! going so soon?" said the other. "Yes," he replied; "Better beans and bacon in peace than cakes and ale in fear."

—*Adapted from Aesop.*

DISCIPLINE

ILLUSTRATION: Trained by Discipline.

The parent eagle trains the young to fly—the thorn, planted in the side of the nest, makes the fledgling uncomfortable if it nestles down too long in the eyrie; and, if need be, the mother pushes the young bird off the ledge of the cliff, and lets it fall screaming into the abyss—sees it tumble, screeching and apparently doomed to be dashed to pieces; but the mother bird, watching, drops like a plummet, with incredible rapidity, beneath the young bird, and receives it on the broad maternal wings and bears it up to the heights, only to let it drop again; until, by and by, the fledgling is prepared, as the mother bird swoops down to arrest its fall, to take wing and follow the parent in her majestic flight.

—*Pierson.*

DUTY

ILLUSTRATION: Among the Ruins of Pompeii.

While digging among the ruins of Pompeii, which was buried by the dust and ashes from an eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the workmen found the skeleton of a Roman soldier in the sentry box at one of the city's gates. He might have found safety under the sheltering rocks close by, but, in the face of certain death, he had remained at his post, a mute witness to the discipline and fidelity which made the Roman legionaries masters of the known world. Bulwer, describing the flight of the party amid the ashes, and streams of boiling water, and huge hurtling fragments of scoria, and gusty winds, and lurid lightnings, continues: "The air was now still for a few moments; the lamp from the gate streamed out far and clear; the fugitives hurried on. They gained the gate. They passed by the Roman sentry. The lightning flashed over his livid face and polished helmet, but his stern features were composed even in their awe! He remained erect and motionless at his post. That hour itself had not animated the machine of the ruthless majesty of Rome into a reasoning and self-acting man. There he stood amidst the crashing elements; he had not received the permission to desert his station and escape."

—Marden.

EDUCATION

ILLUSTRATION: The Jukes and Edwards.

Some years ago in the state of New York, there lived a family which played an expensive, if not a prominent part, in the history of the commonwealth. The head of it was a man called Jukes. He was a jovial character, living a free, hand-to-mouth sort of existence and working only under the pressure of actual want. A shiftless vagabond was he, addicted to whiskey and other bad habits. He lived with a woman no better than himself, and the descendants of these two worthless characters occupy a large space in the criminal record of their native state. Their children were neglected—it was before the days of compulsory education—and this was true also of their children's children, down to recent years. So far as is known, none of them attended school and little or no effort was made to train them. These gypsy-like people lived for years among the rocks and hills of certain counties in Northern New York. The frequent appearance of their names in the criminal record at last attracted attention and a careful investigation into their lives followed. This disclosed the facts that seven had been convicted of murder, one hundred and thirty were sent to the various prisons of the state, and three hundred and ten were sent to the asylums for paupers. By actual figures, it was found that this neglected family had cost the state of New York for maintenance and legal expense, several million dollars.

In the same section of our country lived another

family. Its head was the great divine, Jonathan Edwards, and the old adage about minister's sons was certainly incorrect with regard to him. He and his wife had several children, but in spite of small means believed in their education. Their descendants adopted the same attitude toward schools and insistence upon training and education was a marked characteristic of each generation. The history of this family has also been written by Dr. Winship. It furnished to the United States one Vice-President, three United States Senators, sixty authors, one hundred teachers and the same number of ministers. In almost every department of American life their uplifting influence has been felt. They have blest their own times and the ages to come, as might have been the case with poor Jukes and his family, if they had only been trained and cared for instead of neglected and shunned.

ELOQUENCE

ILLUSTRATION: Whitfield.

Dr. Franklin, in his Memoirs, bears witness to the extraordinary effect which was produced by Mr. Whitfield's preaching in America, and relates an anecdote which is equally characteristic of the preacher and himself. "I happened," says the doctor, "to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars and five pistoles in gold. As he

proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's plate, gold and all. At this sermon there was also one of our club; who being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suggesting a collection might be intended, by precaution emptied his pockets before leaving home; toward the conclusion of his discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give and applied to his neighbor who stood near to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was fortunately made to the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, "At any other time, friend Hodgkinson, I would lend thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses."

—*Percy Anecdotes.*

HABITS

ILLUSTRATION: "Starting Right."

What a great thing it is to start right in life. Every young man can see that the first steps lead to the last, with all except his own. No, his little prevarications and dodgings will not make *him* a liar, but he can see that they surely will in *John Smith's* case. He can see that others are idle and on the road to ruin, but he can not see it in his own case.

There is a wonderful relation between bad habits. They all belong to the same family. If you take in

one, no matter how small and insignificant it may seem, you will soon have the whole. A man who has formed the habit of laziness or idleness will soon be late at his engagements; any man who does not meet his engagements will dodge, apologize, prevaricate and lie. I have rarely known a perfectly truthful man who was always behind time.

Rectitude is only the confirmed habit of doing what is right. Some men can not tell a lie: the habit of truth-telling is fixed; it has become incorporated with their nature. Their characters bear the indelible stamp of veracity. You and I know men whose slightest word is unimpeachable; nothing could shake our confidence in them. There are other men who can not speak the truth: their habitual insincerity has made a twist in their characters and this twist appears in their speech.

“How shall I a habit break?

As you did that habit make.

As you gathered, you must lose;

As you yielded, now refuse.

Thread by thread, the strands we twist

Till they bind us, neck and wrist.

Thread by thread the patient hand

Must untwine ere we free stand.

As we builded, stone by stone,

We must toil, unhelped, alone,

Till the wall is overthrown.”

—O'Reilly.

—Marden.

HUMBLE BEGINNINGS

ILLUSTRATION: Humble Beginnings of a Few Famous Persons.

Ben Jonson, when following his trade of a mason, worked on Lincoln's Inn in London with a trowel in hand, a book in his pocket. Joseph Hunter was a carpenter in youth, Robert Burns a plowman, Keats a druggist, Thomas Carlyle and Hugh Miller masons. Dante and Descartes were soldiers. Andrew Johnson was a tailor. Cardinal Wolsey, Defoe, and Kirke White were butchers' sons. Farady was the son of a blacksmith, and his teacher, Humphrey Davy was an apprentice to an apothecary. Kepler was a waiter boy in a German hotel, Bunyan a tinker, Copernicus the son of a Polish baker. The boy Herschel played the oboe for his meals. Marshal Ney, the "bravest of the brave," rose from the ranks. His great industry earned for him the name of the "Indefatigable." Soult served fifteen years before he was made a sergeant. When made foreign minister of France, he knew very little of geography even. Richard Cobden was a boy in a London warehouse. His first speech in Parliament was a complete failure; but he was not afraid of defeat, and soon became one of the greatest orators of the day. Seven shoemakers sat in Congress during the first century of our government: Roger Sherman, Henry Wilson, Gideon Lee, William Graham, John Halley, H. P. Baldwin, and Daniel Sheffney.

A constant struggle, a ceaseless battle to bring success from inhospitable surroundings, is the price of all achievements that are really great.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;

Act well thy part; there all the credit lies."

—*Selected.*

LEARNING

ILLUSTRATION: "Read and You Will Know."

"Mother, what are the clouds made of? Why does the rain fall? Where does all the rain water go? What good does it do?"

Little William Jones was always asking questions.

"I want to know," he said; "I want to know everything."

At first his mother tried to answer all his questions. But after he had learned to read, she taught him to look in books for that which he wished to know.

"Mother, what makes the wind blow?"

"Read, and you will know, my child."

"Who lives on the other side of the world?"

"Read, and you will know."

"Why is the sky so blue?"

"Read, and you will know."

"Oh, mother, I would like to know everything."

"You can never know everything, my child. But you can learn many things from books."

"Yes, mother, I will read and then I will know."

He was a very little boy then, but before he was three years old he could read quite well. When eight years of age, he was a famous scholar at the school at Harrow. He was always reading, learning, inquiring.

"I want to know; I want to know," he kept saying.

"Read, and you will know," said his mother. "Read books that are true. Read about things that are beautiful and good. Read in order to be wise.

"Do not waste your time in reading foolish books.

Do not read bad books, they will make you bad. No book is worth reading that does not make you better or wiser."

And so William Jones went on reading and learning. He became one of the most famous scholars in the world. The king of England made him a Knight and called him Sir William Jones.

Sir William Jones lived nearly two hundred years ago. He was noted for his great knowledge, the most of which he had obtained from books. It is said that he could speak and write forty languages.

—*Baldwin's Fifty Famous Stories.*

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LIBERTY

SONG: "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

SCRIPTURE READING: I Peter 1:13-17.

ILLUSTRATION: Arnold Winkelreid.

A great army was marching into Switzerland. If it should go much farther, there would be no driving it out again. The soldiers would burn the towns, they would rob the farmers of their grain and sheep, they would make slaves of the people.

The men of Switzerland knew all this. They knew that they must fight for their homes and their lives. And so they came from the mountains and the valleys to try what they could do to save their land. Some came with bows and arrows, some with scythes and pitch-forks, and some with only sticks and clubs.

But their foes kept in line as they marched along the road. Every soldier was fully armed. As they moved and kept close together, nothing could be

seen of them but their spears and shields and shining armor. What could these poor country people do against such foes as these?

"We must break their lines," cried their leader; "for we can not harm them while they keep together."

The bowmen shot their arrows, but they glanced off from the soldiers' shields. Others tried clubs and stones, but with no better luck. The lines were still unbroken. The soldiers moved steadily onward; their shields lapped over one another; their thousand spears looked like so many long bristles in the sunlight. What cared they for sticks and stones and huntsmen's arrows?

"If we can not break their ranks," said the Swiss, "we have no chance for fight, and our country will be lost!"

Then a poor man whose name was Arnold Winkelreid, stepped out.

"On yonder side of the mountain," said he, "I have a happy home. There my wife and children wait for my return. But they will not see me again, for this day I will give my life for my country. And do you, my friends, so do your duty and Switzerland shall be free."

With these words, he ran forward. "Follow me!" he cried to his friends. "I will break the lines, and then let every man fight as bravely as he can."

He had nothing in his hands, neither club, nor stone, nor other weapon. But he ran straight onward to the place where the spears were thickest.

"Make way for liberty," he cried, as he dashed right into the lines.

A hundred spears were turned to catch him upon their points. The soldiers forgot to stay in their places. The lines were broken. Arnold's friends rushed brave-

ly after him. They fought with whatever they had in hand. They snatched spears and shields from their foes. They had no thought of fear. They only thought of their homes and their dear native land. And they won at last.

Such a battle no one ever knew before. But Switzerland was saved, and Arnold Winkelreid did not die in vain.

—*Baldwin's Fifty Famous Stories.*

MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY.

"Make way for liberty!" he cried;
Made way for liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust, their frames shall wear;
A wood like that enchanted grove,
In which, with fiends, Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possessed
A spirit prisoned in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Would startle into hideous life:
So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!

Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows to the sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their native land;
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords;
And what insurgent rage had gained,
In many a mortal fray maintained:
Marshaled once at Freedom's call,
They come to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquered, he who fell,
Was deemed a dead, or living Tell.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burned within;
The battle trembled to begin;
Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found;
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 't were suicide to meet,
And perish at the tyrant's feet;
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanking chains above their head?

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she can not yield;
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast,
But every freeman was a host,

And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed:
Behold him! Arnold Winkelreid!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how,
But 'twas no sooner thought than done;
The field was in a moment won.

"Make way for liberty!" he cried:
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp:
"Make way for liberty!" he cried.
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed among them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all.
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free,
Thus death made way for liberty.

—*James Montgomery.*

LIFE

ILLUSTRATION: Life.

The stanza, given below, was written by Mrs. Barbauld in extreme old age. Our admiration grows with every reading, and it seems to us increasingly beautiful. The poet Rogers regarded it as one of the finest things in English literature. Henry Crabbe Robinson says that he repeated the stanza to Wordsworth twice and then heard him muttering to himself, "I am not in the habit of grudging other people their good things, but I wish I had written those lines myself." It is stated that in his last moments Dr. Fuller said to his nephew, Dr. Cuthbert, on taking leave of him, "Good night, James—but it will soon be good morning!" Perhaps the echo of this stanza was in the ear of the dying preacher:

Life! we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning;
Choose thine own time,
Say not, Good night! but, in some brighter clime,
Bid me Good morning!

—*Percy Anecdotes.*

READING

ILLUSTRATION : Carefulness in Reading.

Ralph Waldo Emerson's advice was never to read a book till it has been out a year, supposing that length of time necessary to show whether the volume has, as the French say, "a reason for being."

One should not read everything that intrudes itself on his notice any more than one should admit to his companionship every person whom he meets. "Books, like friends, should be few and well-chosen."

There is always a danger of reading too much, but the best authors may be read many times with profit. Dr. Johnson's method was, when he had read something he particularly wished to remember, to tell it to some appreciative friend and thus fix it in his mind.

The modern novel may become a "thief of time." Reading too much fiction saps the mental powers as surely as dissipation weakens the body.

At one of our public libraries quite recently a boy was reported who had actually read one hundred and two novels or short stories in ninety-one days. To a large class of readers our public libraries are only known as containing a supply of the most exciting tales, and it becomes a question whether it is right and best to furnish any literature but that which instructs and elevates.

—Pierson.

RICHES

ILLUSTRATION: Solon.

Solon was one of the wise men of Greece. He it was who gave that clever answer to Croesus, King of Lydia. Croesus was so rich that even now it is common to say "as rich as Croesus." This king showed his wealth to Solon, and then asked "if he did not think the possessor of so much gold the happiest of men." "No," replied the philosopher; "I know a happier man: an honest laborer who has just enough to live on."

"And who is the next happiest?" asked the king, expecting himself to be named. "The next happiest," answered Solon, "are the two virtuous sons who were remarkable for their duty and kindness to their mother." "And think you not that I am happy?" exclaimed the disappointed monarch. "No man can be deemed happy till his death," said the sage; meaning, I suppose, that according as his life is spent could his state be judged.

When Croesus was afterward taken prisoner by Cyrus, and was about to be burnt, he recollected this conversation, and cried out: "O, Solon, Solon!" Cyrus inquired the meaning of this exclamation, and when the cause of it was explained, he set Croesus at liberty, and owned himself instructed by the hint of Solon. So the philosopher saved the life of one king and improved another.

—*Adapted from Herodotus.*

SOUL

SONG: "I Will Sing You a Song of That Beautiful Land."

SCRIPTURE READING: Matthew 16:24-27.

ILLUSTRATION: In a Glass Case.

Two or three young men in Washington went to the National Museum. Passing a cabinet they glanced at the label on it, on which were the words: "The body of a man weighing one hundred and fifty-four pounds."

"Where is the man?" one of the young men asked. No one answered him. In the cabinet were arranged an odd assemblage of heterogeneous articles. Among them were two large jars of water; also jars containing various kinds of fats; other jars in which were phosphate of lime, carbonate of lime, a few ounces each of sugar, potassium, sodium, gelatine, and other chemicals. Another section held a row of clear glass jars filled with the gases—hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen; a square lump of coal, and more bottles separately labelled phosphorus, calcium, magnesium, potassium. In a little jar was a fraction of an ounce of iron, and near by a lump of ill-smelling brimstone. The materials in these cabinets are given in the exact proportions as combined in an ordinary man.

The young men stood silent, staring at what seemed to them a gruesome assortment of carbon and sugar and gas and iron, with a certain awe and disgust. "And that is what I am made of?" one of them said, "that is all that goes to make—me?" "That is all," said a bystander, smiling, and walked on.

“If that is all that is needed,” said one, “so much gas, so much lime, so much iron, we should all be exactly alike. There is something which can not be put into cabinets.” “Yes,” said another under his breath, “that added by the unseen Power, who puts into these senseless elements that which makes man a living soul.” They stood a moment, and then passed on in silence. To each of them his own soul and his God had suddenly become real, before these cabinets, filled with all the essentials for the making of a man—but one. —*Exchange.*

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN

ILLUSTRATION: The True Gentleman, a Definition.

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who *never inflicts pain*. He carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the mind of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint or suspicion or gloom or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at ease or at home. He has his eyes on all of his company, he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. He can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against allusion to unseasonable topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation and never wearisome. He makes light of favors when he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself, except when compelled and never defends himself by a mere retort; he has no care for slander or for gossip, is

scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantages, never mistakes personalities or sharp arguments, or insinuates evils which he dare not say out. From long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage "that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as though he were our friend." He has too much sense to be affronted at insults. He is too well employed to remember injuries and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned to philosophic principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny.

—*Cardinal Newman.*

TWO SIDES TO A QUESTION

ILLUSTRATION: The Lion and the Statue.

A man and a lion were discussing the relative strength of men and lions in general. The man contended that he and his fellows were stronger than the lions by reason of their greater intelligence. "Come now with me," he cried, "and I will soon prove that I am right." So he took him into the public gardens and showed him the statue of Hercules overcoming the lion and tearing his mouth in two.

"That is all very well," said the lion, "but proves nothing, for it was a man who made the statue."

"We can easily represent things as we wish them to be."

—*Aesop.*

TRUTH

ILLUSTRATION: Statue of Truth.

In Aurora, N. Y., is an institution for the education of young ladies. In its parlor stands a marble statue, a symbolic feminine figure of full life-size. The face expresses womanly sweetness, blended with heroic resolve, befitting the helmet on the head, and the sword in the right hand. An open lily lies upon the pure bosom; the left hand gathers the fold of the robe, as if keeping it from contact from something that might soil its whiteness; the point of the sword touches the pedestal near the feet, and close beside lies a mask. As the eye glances down along the figure, it falls at last on the inscription in front of the pillar, "Truth." She has smitten the face of dissimulation, and carefully holds her white garment away from the defiling touch of her foe. The power of that silent statue is wonderful. It tells of the awful loveliness of truth; of such absolute sincerity that dissimulation is unmasked and put to shame. What a regeneration of social life there would be, if only truth should purify social intercourse! "In such an atmosphere men would rise to noble manhood, and human speech from the lips of man or woman would become a power, filling with nobler and holier meaning than we have yet conceived, that deep word *eloquence*."

—Dr. H. A. Nelson.

ARBOR DAY

SONG: Air: "Maryland, My Maryland."

Again we come this day to greet,
Arbor Day, sweet Arbor Day.
With willing hands and nimble feet,
Arbor Day, sweet Arbor Day.
No sweeter theme our time can claim,
No grander deeds point us to fame,
No day more proud than this we name,
Arbor Day, dear Arbor Day.

Bring forth the trees. Prepare the earth
For Arbor Day, sweet Arbor Day.
With song we celebrate the birth
Of Arbor Day, sweet Arbor Day.
And when our joyful task is done,
And we our meed of praise have won,
The glorious work's but just begun
For Arbor Day, dear Arbor Day.

SCRIPTURE READING: Psalm 19.

ILLUSTRATION: A Warning from History.

Canaan in the time of Joshua was "a land flowing with milk and honey," that is, says Emil Rothe, "it was a country of wonderful fertility, blessed with a delightful climate. Both ranges of the Lebanon Mountains were then densely covered with forests. Its large and constantly increasing population, however, enjoyed comfort and abundance during the centuries.

But the general devastation of the forests brought about a gradual deterioration of the country.

"The hills of Galilee, once the rich pasturing grounds for herds of cattle, are now sterile knobs. The Jordan has for ages been an insignificant stream, and the several beautiful rivers in Palestine now appear as stony runs, being completely dry during the greater part of the year. The few cedar trees still remaining on the barren and rocky slopes of Lebanon look mournfully down upon an arid and desolate country, fit to sustain less than a sixth part of the population it contained in the time of Solomon. The cause of this marked and calamitous change was the destruction of the forests."

TWO TEACHERS AND ONE ARBOR DAY.

One Teacher.

I have in mind one teacher, who a few days before Arbor Day, assigned the different parts just as they were suggested in the program. On Arbor Day she had a perfunctory exercise with recitations of the different selections; after this all gathered around a little hole dug in hard ground and planted one small tree. This closed the work for the day, and the pupils felt that the principal thing about Arbor Day was that they were dismissed earlier than usual. The pupils' mind unconsciously receives the thought of the teacher. As she thinks, so to a certain extent the pupil thinks and acts. This the teacher can not help, even if she would.

The Other Teacher.

I have in mind another teacher, who very early in the spring brought to school a few bulbs, told her pupils about them and planted them in pots at various

times. All became interested in watching the green sprouts appear, and in watching the daily progress of the plants until they bloomed. Gradually the pupils were interested and taught, day by day, from this little beginning, about flowers. Some time before Arbor Day, a few of the older boys spaded up the plot of ground set aside for their park. This was then fertilized by materials brought from a neighboring barn yard, and on Arbor Day a number of rose bushes and choice trees were set out. Then the program was given, and each pupil felt a special interest in each selection. The work did not stop there, for the boys and girls began to ask for books giving particular instructions in caring for plants. Then some of them began to ask the teacher's help in arranging a flower garden for home. Which teacher do you prefer to be?

—*California School Report.*

BIRD DAY

SONG: "Listen to the Mocking-Bird."

SCRIPTURE READING: Matthew 6:26-32.

ILLUSTRATION: Our Feathered Friends.

Did you ever stop to think how much we owe the birds for their care of our spreading shade trees, our fruitful orchards and our verdant woods?

The bird is just as necessary to the tree as the tree is to the bird. The tree furnishes the bird with nesting places, shelter and food. It bears buds, blossoms, and seeds which birds eat, and also furnishes food for insects and animals on which birds feed.

Birds guard all parts of the tree from injurious attacks of its insect enemies. The young larvae of beetles and cicadas live in the ground where they feed on roots. Birds which feed much on the ground scratch or dig up such larvae or grubs, or catch the beetles and cicadas when they come up out of the ground and fly about and mate. These insects form a favorite food of very many birds. Other insects which feed on the tree bury themselves in the ground and undergo their transformations; others still hide among the dead leaves of the forest floor. Such insects are sought out by scratching birds, like the partridge or brown thrasher.

The grubs or boring insects are dug out of their hiding places by woodpeckers. These birds are of great service, for a borer will sometimes kill a tree and a single woodpecker often destroys many borers in one day. Insects that eat buds and leaves are hunted by warblers, vireos, thrushes, orioles, tanagers, cuckoos—a host of birds that feed much along the foliage of trees. Insects that hide in the crevices of the bark are hunted by chickadees, creepers and nuthatches. Insects that reach the flight stage and fly about among the trees are taken on the wing by flycatchers; while those that reach the upper air are pursued by swallows, swifts, or nighthawks.

When we realize that the unchecked increase of one species of insect might easily be sufficient to enable it, in one season, to destroy most of the trees in the woods, and when we consider that the birds restrain the increase of hundreds of species of insects, then we can appreciate the value of birds as protectors of tree. It is now well understood that the birds and other natural enemies of insects ordinarily keep

most tree pests so well in check that they do no great or serious injury to trees.

But possibly the most useful bird to crops are bobwhites, the common partridge. The agricultural reports of the southern states, especially Virginia, show that annually several hundred of pernicious weed seeds are destroyed by bob whites.

While we can do little to multiply these insects that feed upon other insects, we can protect useful birds, and so bring about their increase. An increase of birds always occurs where conditions are favorable. Tree planting in the prairie states was followed by a multiplication of the numbers of insectivorous birds.

Even if our feathered friends were not of practical value, they would still be indispensable to the world's best happiness. As little messengers of good cheer, as exponents of grace, song and living beauty, as examples of parental devotion, they help to brighten and uplift our lives. All that we can do to render their lives freer, safer, and happier should be done as a duty—as the willing payment of an obligation we owe.

—*Adapted from the Montana
Manual.*

IN THE GARDEN.

A bird came down the walk;
He did not know I saw;
He bit an angle worm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw.
And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the wall
To let a beetle pass.

—*Dickinson.*

GEORGIA DAY

SONG: "Georgia School Song."

POEM: Selected.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If there such breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his tale, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—*Sir Walter Scott.*

READING: Georgia in Outline.

On February 12, 1773, General James Edward Oglethorpe with 126 persons landed in Savannah, and named the new state for King George II. Originally the limits of Georgia extended to the Mississippi River and included the territory now occupied by Alabama and Mississippi. At this time the state was occupied by Indians—Creeks or Muscogees in the southern part and Cherokees in the northern. Tomochichi, the In-

dian chief, received the white people kindly, and giving Oglethorpe a buffalo robe with an eagle painted upon it, said, "The feathers are soft and signify love; the buffalo skin is warm and means protection. Therefore, we ask you to love and protect our little ones." Later some German immigrants, called Salzburger, driven from their homes by persecution, settled a few miles from Savannah. After the Revolution many came from Virginia and North Carolina, some of them being granted tracts of land by the Government for services in that great struggle. These were chiefly English and Scotch-Irish, who have always constituted the main element of the white population. Georgia was one of the thirteen original states taking an active part in the war for freedom which the colonies waged against England. In 1861 she seceded from the Union and furnished a large number of soldiers to the Confederacy. The battles of Chickamauga, Kennesaw Mountain and Atlanta were important contests fought on her soil.

Georgia has an area of 59,475 square miles of which 495 are under water, and is the largest state east of the Mississippi. There are three distinct divisions, North, Middle and South Georgia. The highest mountains are in Towns County, Sitting Bull having an elevation of 5,046 feet above the sea level and Mona 5,030 feet. Stone Mountain, 16 miles from Atlanta, is a mass of granite 1,688 feet high. There are nine climate belts found in the United States and eight of these are represented in Georgia. In the northern part of the state the average July temperature is from 75 degrees to 80 degrees and in the southern from 80 to 85 degrees. The average rainfall is 49 inches, the highest at Rabun Gap and the lowest at Swainsboro.

The soil is generally fertile. In the middle section it is usually red and in the southern sandy. Texas is the only state in the union which produces more cotton. Georgia watermelons, peaches, sugar-cane, and other agricultural products are widely known. In the southern part of the state there are large forests of long leaf pine, which furnish excellent lumber, turpentine and resin. The northern section has considerable mineral resources; gold, iron, aluminum, marble, slate, and even precious stones are found in several counties.

The census of 1910 shows a total population of 2,609,121. Largely an agricultural state, the majority of her people taking part in this industry, Georgia stands in the front rank of the southern states in manufacturing. The largest cotton mills are at Augusta and Columbus. There are 152 counties. The largest cities are Atlanta, Savannah, Augusta, Macon and Columbus. She has colleges of note for both men and women and besides many high schools, each congressional district has one devoted especially to training in agriculture. The state appropriates over two and a half millions to the education of her children, and this sum is supplemented in all of the cities and towns and many counties. There are three departments of Government: Legislative, Executive and Judicial. The Legislative consists of the Senate and House of Representatives, forming the General Assembly. The Executive Department is composed of the Governor, Secretary of State, State Treasurer, Comptroller-General, Commissioner of Agriculture, State School Superintendent, Attorney-General, Pension Commissioner, Railroad Commission, Prison Commission, Adjutant-General. The Judicial Department consists of the Supreme Court of six members and the Appellate Court of three.

The roll of her great men and women is long. Some of those who have been in the cabinets of the National and Confederate Governments are: Crawford, Forsyth, Cobb, Gordon, Brown, Smith, Crisp, Stephens and Toombs. Perhaps the leading figure in many ways during the period since the war was Henry W. Grady.

MY STATE.

I owe my state pride in its beauty, its extent, its progress.

I owe my state love of its history and its tradition, and obedience to its laws.

I owe my state a patriot's heart, a citizen's interest and industry, a family's health and happiness.

And I owe my state one kindly, helpful, tolerant, honest, hard-working, law-honoring human being.

My state owes me protection of life and property.

A sound elementary education.

An honest and disinterested government in which I can place my trust.

Reliable public servants.

Preservation of the great natural resources of my land.

Wise expenditure of public funds.

A just system of taxation.

Opportunity to live and work and grow with high ideals of truth, probity, and justice.

HEALTH DAY

SONG: "Home, Sweet Home."

SCRIPTURE READING: Psalm 23.

ILLUSTRATION: My Health Creed.

I will respect my body and health. If I am sick, it will very probably be because I have violated some one or more of nature's laws.

I will study the laws of health and will obey them for my own sake.

I will not wet my fingers in my mouth when turning the leaves of a book.

I will not put pencils in my mouth nor wet them with my lips.

I will not put pins or money in my mouth.

I will use my mouth for eating good, plain food, drinking pure water and milk, and for saying good, kind words.

I will always chew my food thoroughly, and never drink whiskey or wine.

I will not cough or sneeze without turning my face or holding a handkerchief over my mouth. Polite people never cough in public if they can prevent it.

I will keep my face and hands and finger nails as clean as possible.

I will not spit on floors, stairways, or side-walks, and will try not to spit at all; ladies and gentlemen avoid this bad habit.

I will wash out my mouth every morning on getting

up and at night on going to bed, and will use a tooth-brush.

I will be clean in body, clean in mind and avoid all bad habits that may give offense to others.

I will get all the fresh air I can and will open my windows wide when I go to bed.

—*From Talks on Health for Georgia Schools.*

M. L. B.

LABOR DAY

SONG: "Work for the Night is Coming."

Work for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours,
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers,
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun,
Work for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

SCRIPTURE READING: Proverbs 24:30-34.

ILLUSTRATION: Origin of Labor Day.

For many years different states of the Union have set apart a certain day to honor and dignify labor. In 1882 the Knights of Labor held their general assembly in New York City during the month of September, which on the 5th reviewed a great parade

organized by the Central Labor Union of that city. The next year a parade was held on the first Monday in September, and in 1884, on the resolution of George R. Loyd, one of the Knights of Labor, it was decided that all future parades should be held on that day, and that the day should be known as Labor Day. Workingmen's organizations all over the country then began an agitation to induce the state legislatures to declare the day a legal holiday, and on March 15, 1887, Colorado led the way. In 1894 Congress passed a law, naming the first Monday in September as a National holiday.

LEE'S BIRTHDAY

SONG: "Bonnie Blue Flag."

READING: Lee's Life.

Robert Edward Lee was born in Stratford, Westmoreland County, Virginia, January 19, 1807, and died in Lexington, Virginia, October 12, 1870. He was a graduate of West Point Military Academy. He was appointed second lieutenant of engineers after graduation in 1829, and was assigned to duty in Hampton, West Virginia. From 1834 to 1837 he was in Washington as assistant to the chief engineer. He became captain of engineers after a year at St. Louis, where he was engaged in superintending the improvement of the Mississippi. He served in the Mexican war under General Scott; then for three years was stationed at Baltimore, becoming Superintendent

of the Academy at West Point in 1855. At the end of this time he was ordered to Texas to take command of the forces against the Indians. During leave of absence he commanded the troops which suppressed the John Brown Raid in 1859. In 1861 he resigned as Colonel in the Union army, and later became Commander-in-chief of the Confederate army. Several months after the close of the Civil War, he became President of Washington College (now Washington and Lee University).

POEM: The Sword of Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard pure and bright
 Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of right,
Its stainless sheen like a beacon light,
 Led us to victory.

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
 It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
 Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in the air,
 Beneath Virginia's sky;
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led, they would dare,
 To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
 Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for brighter land,
Nor brighter land had cause so grand,
 Nor cause a chief like Lee.

Forth from its scabbard! how we prayed
 That sword might victor be;
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
 Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain,
 Forth flashed the sword of Lee,
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
 Proudly and peacefully.

—Abram Joseph Ryan.

LIBRARY DAY

SONG: "Lead Kindly Light."

SCRIPTURE READING: Proverbs 4:5-9.

ILLUSTRATION: What a Library Does for a Town:

1. Completes its educational equipment, carrying on and giving permanent value to the work of the schools.

2. Gives the children of all classes a chance to know and love the best in literature. Without the public library such a chance is limited to very few.

3. Minimizes the sale and reading of vicious literature in the community, thus promoting mental and moral health.

4. Effects a great saving in money to every reader in the community. The library is the application of common sense to the problem of supply and demand. Through it, every reader in the town can secure at a given cost 100 to 1000 times the material for reading or study he would secure by acting individually.

5. Appealing to all classes, sects, and degrees of intelligence, it is a strong unifying factor in the life of the town.

6. The library is the one thing in which every town however poor or isolated, can have something as good and inspiring as the greatest city can offer. Neither Boston nor New York can provide better books to its readers than the humblest town library can easily own and supply.

7. Slowly, but inevitably, raises the tone of the place.

8. Adds to the material value of property. Real

estate agents in the suburbs of large cities never fail to advertise the presence of a library, if there be one, as giving added value to the lots or houses they have for sale.

PLANS FOR RAISING MONEY FOR LIBRARIES.

1. Interest some philanthropic citizen to make a proposition to give as much money towards the library as the school will raise.
2. Have the school board to make such a proposition to the school.
3. Interest the community in your library and make a canvass among your friends and citizens for subscriptions for your library.
4. Give school entertainments or a series of entertainments and charge a small admission fee.
5. Have a series of spelling matches with other districts, to which a small admission fee is charged.
6. Secure a good lecturer with whom you can clear some money on the sale of tickets.

MEMORIAL DAY

SONG: "Dixie."

SCRIPTURE READING: Psalm 133.

ILLUSTRATION: The Courtesy of Robert E. Lee.

Descended though he was from one of the proudest and most noble families of the country, General Lee was always marked by sympathy and fellow-feeling for people everywhere, particularly for the poor and unfortunate.

On one occasion near the close of the war, Pres-

ident Davis summoned him to Richmond for a conference. After it terminated, General Lee boarded a train going in the direction of his headquarters with the army. He seated himself near the rear of the coach and was busily engaged with the plans and papers which he had been discussing with President Davis. The train was crowded and just before it left Richmond, a poor woman came down the car trying to find a seat. She had been peddling vegetables in the city during the day and was now returning to her home. Soiled and begrimed from her work with her large baskets on her arm, she was not a very pleasant companion in the estimation of some of the handsomely dressed men and women. She went down the car, therefore, without receiving any recognition and it looked as though she would have to stand up after her day of toil during the passage home. When she came to the seat which was occupied by General Lee, however, he looked up from his papers and saw her plight. Immediately, with the unfailing courtesy which marked his whole career, he rose to his feet and said: "Madam, I see you are weary. Won't you share this seat with me?" The incident was noted by all the passengers and many had the grace to blush as they took to themselves the lesson taught by their great leader.

This was not an isolated incident, but was characteristic of his entire life and made him the ideal of those Virginians of the Valley—

"The knightliest of a knightly race,
Who since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of victory,
Alight in hearts of gold."

—M. L. B.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
'Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field and grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead:
Under the sod and dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

—*Francis Miles Finch.*

THANKSGIVING DAY

SONG: "Thanksgiving Day," (Tune: "Safely Through Another Week").

"Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home:
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin.
God, our Maker, doth provide,
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of harvest home.

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O harvest Lord, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be."

SCRIPTURE READING: Psalm 124.

ILLUSTRATION: Origin of Thanksgiving Day.

Thanksgiving Day is an annual festival of thanksgiving for the mercies of the closing year. Practically it is a National harvest festival, fixed by the proclamation of the president and the governors of states,

and ranks as a legal holiday. In 1879 the Episcopal church formally recognized the civil government's authority to appoint such a feast, and in 1888 the Roman Catholic church also decided to honor a festival which had been so long nearly universally observed—though nowhere with such zest as in the New England States, where it ranks as a great annual family festival, taking the place which in England is accorded to Christmas. The earliest harvest festival in the United States was kept by the Pilgrim Fathers in Plymouth in 1861. Congress recommended days of thanksgiving annually during the Revolution, and in 1874 for the return of peace—as did President Madison in 1815. Washington appointed such a day in 1789 after the adoption of the Constitution, and in 1795 for the general benefits and welfare of the nation. Since 1853 the presidents have always issued proclamations appointing the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving Day.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

SONG: "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

SCRIPTURE READING.

ILLUSTRATION: Life Outline.

George Washington was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22, 1732, and died at his home, Mount Vernon, in Virginia, December 14, 1799. At the age of sixteen he left school to become a surveyor. When not much more than a boy, he showed his aptitude for military affairs. His early career is interwoven with the history of the country. He was the leader of her armies in the successful fight to secure freedom from the British rule and the first of the long line of this country's presidents. Washington was a man of strong character and unselfish patriotism. Firmness of purpose and devotion to duty guided him through his eventful life. Reverses did not make him despair, nor did success make him over confident. During the darkest hours of war, when slander and intrigue were against him, he remained steadfast. The successful Revolution exalted him above all others of his countrymen, and he might have grasped power for himself, but he was still a firm and devoted patriot. His character is not surpassed by that of any hero in history.

—*Adapted.*

WASHINGTON.

When General Washington, the immortal savior of his country, had closed his career in the French and Indian War, and had become a member of the House

of Burgesses, the speaker, Robinson, was directed, by a vote of the house, to return their thanks to that gentleman, on behalf of the colony for the distinguished military service which he had rendered his country. As soon as Washington took his seat, Mr. Robinson, in obedience to this order, and following the impulse of his own generous and grateful heart, discharged the duty with great dignity, but with such warmth of coloring and strength of expression as entirely confounded the young hero. He rose to express his acknowledgements for the honor; but such were his trepidation and confusion, that he could not give utterance to a single syllable. He blushed, stammered and trembled, for a second; when the speaker relieved him, by a stroke of address that would have done honor to Louis XIV, in his proudest and happiest moments. "Sit down, Mr. Washington," said he, with a conciliating smile; "your modesty is equal to your valor; and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

EULOGY ON WASHINGTON.

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, sincere, uniform, dignified, and commanding, his example was as edifying to all around him as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending, to his inferiors kind, to the dear object of his affections exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand. The purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the tenor of his life.

Although in extreme pain, not a sigh escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity, he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost! Such was the man for whom our nation mourns!

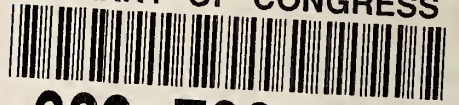
Methinks I see his august image, and hear calling from his venerable lips, these deep-sinking words:

“Cease, sons of America, to mourn our separation. Go on and confirm your wisdom the fruits of our knowing councils, joint effort and common dangers. Reverence religion; diffuse knowledge throughout your land; patronize the arts and sciences; let liberty and order be inseparable companions; control party spirit, the bane of free government; observe good faith to and cultivate peace with, all nations; shut up every avenue to foreign influence; contract rather than extend national connection; rely on yourselves only; be American in thought and deed. Thus will you give immortality to that union which was the constant object of my terrestrial labors; thus will you preserve undisturbed to the latest posterity the felicity of a people to me most dear; and thus will you supply (if my happiness be aught to you) the only vacancy in the round of pure bliss high Heaven bestows.”

—*Henry Lee.*



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